THE PLAYS OF HENRY ARTHUR JONES

MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE

An Original Comedy in Four Acts

BY

HENRY ARTHUR JONES

AUTHOR OF

"THE LIARS," "MICHAEL AND HIS LOST ANGEL," "THE TEMPTER," "THE CRUSADERS," "JUDAH," "THE CASE OF REBELLIOUS SUSAN," "THE DANCING GIRL," "THE MIDDLEMAN," "THE ROGUE'S COMEDY," "THE TRIUMPH OF THE PHILISTINES," "THE MASQUERADERS," "THE MANŒUVRES OF JANE," "CARNAC SAHIB," "THE GOAL," "MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE," "THE LACKEY'S CARNIVAL," "THE PRINCESS'S NOSE," ETC.

"There is a tide in the affairs of women
Which taken at the flood leads—God knows where."
BYRON.

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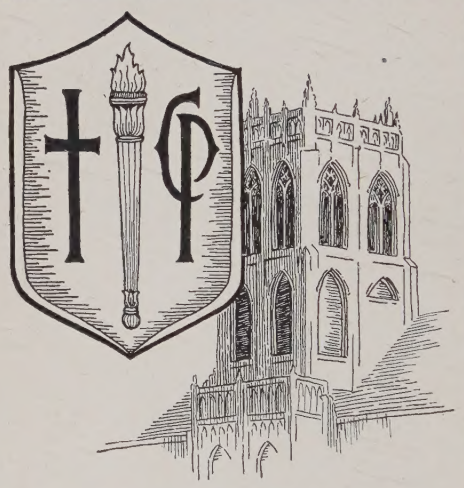

COLLEGE OF THE PACIFIC

College of the Pacific
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MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE

A PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY

HENRY ARTHUR JONES

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MRS. DANE'S DEFENSE

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR DANIEL (Mr. Justice) CARTERET.

LIONEL CARTERET, his adopted son.

CANON BONSEY, vicar of Sunningwater.

MR BULSOM-PORTER.

MR. JAMES RISBY.

MR. FENDICK, a private inquiry agent.

ADAMS, butler at Lady Eastney's.

WILSON, butler at Sir Daniel's.

MRS. DANE.

MPS. BULSOM-PORTER.

JANEN COLQUHOUN, niece to Lady Eastney.

LADY EASTNEY.

The whole of the action takes place at Sunningwater, about twenty-five miles from London, in the present day.

The following is a copy of the original cast of the play on its first performance at Wyndham's Theatre, London, on Tuesday, October 9, 1900.

Sir Daniel (Mr. Justice) Carteret.	Mr. Charles Wyndham.
Lionel Carteret (his adopted son).	Mr. Alfred Kendrick.
Canon Bonsey.	Mr. Alfred Bishop.
Mr. Bulsom-Porter	Mr. E. W. Garden.
Mr. James Risby	Mr. Charles Thursby.
Fendick (a private inquiry agent). .	Mr. Stanley Pringle.
Adams (butler to Lady Eastney) . .	Mr. Reginald Walter.
Wilson (butler to Sir Daniel). . . .	Mr. Charles Terric.
Mrs. Dane.	Miss Lena Ashwell.
Mrs. Bulsom-Porter	Miss Marie Kington.
Janet Colquhoun.	Miss Beatrice Irwin.
Lady Eastney.	Miss Mary Moore.

ACT I.

SCENE.—THE BLUE DRAWING-ROOM AT LADY EASTNEY'S. NIGHT.

ACT II.

SCENE.—THE SAME ON AN AFTERNOON TWO OR THREE WEEKS LATER.

ACT III.

SCENE.—LIBRARY AT SIR DANIEL'S ON THE FOLLOWING WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—THE SAME, ON THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY EVENING.

TO SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM.

My dear Wyndham: The constant success that has attended every production and every revival of my plays under your management signifies an unusual debt of gratitude due from the author to the actor and manager. That debt will not be discharged if I place your name at the head of this play, nor indeed if I were to place it at the head of all the plays in whose representation we have been associated.

But perhaps you will accept the dedication of "Mrs. Dane's Defence" as a brief and inadequate acknowledgment of my gratitude to you in respect of all of them.

A sovereign easiness of touch, equally secure in apprehending the lightest shade of comedy and the deepest shade of feeling; a perfectly trained method, so rare on our English stage to-day; a fine and swift economy of speech and glance and gesture; every word and look and movement delivered with intention and restraint; nothing done aimlessly, nothing done extravagantly; nothing omitted that was of import; nothing attempted that was not safely and superbly accomplished; an instinctive avoidance of everything inessential and irrelevant; a disdain of theatrical tricks and buffoonery; a plain natural rendering of all the phases of a character, free from the pretences and artifices of make-up; a pervading humour and air of common sense; a constant communication to your fellow-actors and your audience of your own radiant energy and animation, chasing dullness from both sides of the curtain; a virile, erect and alert bearing giving an assurance of vigour and manliness to every part; a distinctive penetrating voice whose slightly raucous edge was secretly tuned and guided to every accent of tenderness and persuasion and caress, and whose agreeable cadences won welcome and applause for the longest speech; an irresistible charm of person and manner that instantly commended the play to the goodwill and sympathy of the audience—these are the qualities and graces and acquirements that were conspicuous in your Sir Daniel Carteret as in all your impersonations, and whose mention here may help to an understanding of your uniform and continued success on the London stage.

That these gifts and talents have never been in greater evidence or fuller employ than in the present revivals of my plays is a source of the greatest gratification to your legion of friends and admirers and especially to the fortunate author.

Here I am sure you would wish me to summon Miss Mary Moore for a moment, and to recall that she has been associated with you in the series of unbroken successes that I have enjoyed under your management. Gaiety, wisdom, elegance, sympathy and humour distinguished her Lady Eastney and relieved the more serious aspects of the play. I have to thank her as much for this impersonation as for those other more prominent ones wherein she has so pleasingly interpreted me to the public. Nor must I forget that her consent to play the comedy part made possible the great and moving performance of Mrs. Dane by Miss Lena Ashwell. It is a delight to me that Mrs. Dane gave Miss Ashwell the opportunity of showing her splendid endowments as a sincere emotional actress. Let me then cordially join hands with you all in the expression of my thanks, and surely that fine artist Alfred Bishop is of our company, so often has he too been engaged with you and Miss Mary Moore in rendering my characters with exquisite tact and taste and enormous effect.

I have often said that it would be impossible for me to get a failure with you. My only regret is that I have not had more opportunities of testing this most confident belief of mine.

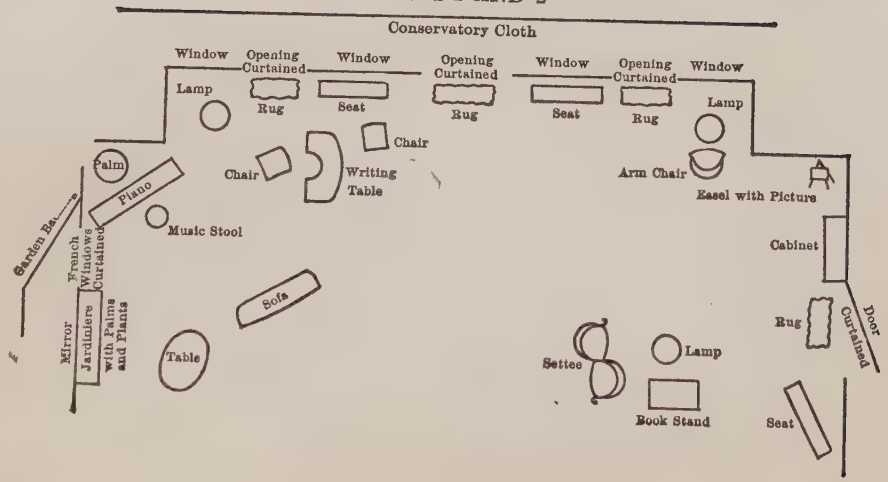
With renewed and deeper thanks as the years go by and my debt to you increases, believe me,

Always faithfully yours,

HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE

ACTS 1 AND 2



ACT I.

1st Call.

The blue drawing-room at LADY EASTNEY'S, *Sunningwater. A very brightly furnished room in a country house about twenty miles from London. At back are doors opening into a conservatory which is lighted up. On the right side are French windows opening upon a lawn. On the left side up stage is a door opening off into the large drawing-room. This door is curtained. When it is opened a buzz of conversation, as from a reception, is heard. Down stage on the left side is a fire-place. Time after dinner on an evening in July. The doors are all open. A violin is played off as if it were two rooms away.* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER, *a lady of forty-five, enters*[1] *showing great irritation. She seats herself, on sofa,*[2] *and fans herself. A moment or two later,* MR. BULSOM-PORTER *enters by the same door. He is a flabby, affable, easy-going English gentleman about fifty. He looks round cautiously to see that he is not followed, then closes the door softly and comes up to his wife.*

Mr. Bulsom-Porter. Kisby. Mrs. Bulsom-Porter.

Blue arc each side of C. *opening. Blue Length at window* R. *Bunch light at door* L. *2 standard lamps lighted. Everything full up.*

The end of a violin solo is heard off L. *as curtain rises. At the end of the solo applause. As Mrs. Bulsom-Porter enters* L. *there is a buzz of conversation kept up until Mr. Bulsom-Porter closes the door. Then another violin solo begins faintly heard through the scene.*

BULSOM-PORTER.[3]

[*A quiet, drawling, good-humoured utterance.*] It's a mystery to me, Henrietta, that we can't arrange to celebrate these little domestic battles on our own domestic hearth.

MRS. BUL.-P.

I warn you that if you continue to pay such marked attention to that woman, I shall tell the whole neighbourhood her history.

[1] L.

[2] R.

[3] *Comes to* C. *Mrs. Bulsom-Porter is sitting right.*

BUL.-P.

You will please hold your tongue about Mrs. Dane. Jim says that he is mistaken, and that she is not the lady he knew in Vienna.

MRS. BUL.-P.

He is only saying that to shelter her. The fact is, she is leading Jim by the nose, the same as she is leading you and young Carteret; and it only remains to be seen which of the three will be her victim.

BUL.-P.

Well, I trust I shall be the lucky fellow, but I'm afraid the odds are on Lionel Carteret, and I shall come in a bad third.

MRS. BUL.-P.

At least you might have the good taste to try and hide your infidelities!

BUL.-P.

My dear, you may depend, when I have any, I shall. Now, suppose we get back to the others? [1]

[1] *Going towards door L.*

MRS. BUL.-P.

You wish to get back to that woman?

BUL.-P.

I wish to get back to Lady Eastney and the other guests.

MRS. BUL.-P.

You admire this Mrs. Dane?

BUL.-P. [*Cordially,*[2]] Very much indeed.

[2] *Going left.*

MRS. BUL.-P.[3]

[3] *Rising, following him up.*

Why do you admire her?

BUL.-P.

Because she has a pretty face, a soft voice, and a charming manner.

MRS. BUL.-P.

Of course! Mere physical charms! What horribly disgusting minds men must have!

BUL.-P.

We have! Give us up! Wash your hands of us, and let us go our own wicked ways!

[*Going.*

MRS. BUL.-P.

To what extent do you admire her?

2nd Call.

BUL.-P.

Mrs. Dane Lionel.

To the extent of very much preferring her company to yours when you're in one of these unreasonable jealous fits. Now, will you oblige me by returning to the drawing-room?

[*He opens the drawing-room door.*[1] *Enter by it* MR. JAMES RISBY, *an ordinary Englishman about thirty-five.*

[1] L. *As door opens violin solo is heard a little louder.*

MRS. BUL.-P.

I shall not speak to that woman——

BUL.-P.

Hush! [*Closes door sharply after* RISBY.]

RISBY.[2]

[2] *Comes* C.

My dear aunt, I'm leaving for Paris to-morrow morning, and before I go I want to put you right on a little matter.

MRS. BUL.-P.

You mean Mrs. Dane?[3]

[3] *Bulsom-Porter goes down* L., *sits.*

RISBY.

Exactly. When I first saw her at Sir Daniel Carteret's a fortnight ago, I thought I recognized her——

MRS. BUL.-P.

You did recognize her.

RISBY.

I was mistaken.

MRS. BUL.-P.

You told me she was the Miss Hindemarsh who was connected with a disgraceful scandal in Vienna five years ago. I particularly watched your manner, and I'm sure you were speaking the truth.[1]

[1] *Moving down R.*

RISBY.

I was speaking the truth—as I supposed. And therefore my manner carried conviction. But I am now speaking the truth when I tell you I was mistaken. I trust my manner carries equal conviction.

[*Looking at her very fixedly.*

MRS. BUL.-P.

[*Looks at him very fixedly for a few moments.*] No, Jim; I do not and cannot believe you.[2]

[2] *Sits on sofa L.*

RISBY.

I'm sorry. However, the fact remains, my dear aunt, that I have inadvertently injured a very charming woman——

MRS. BUL.-P.

Of course! A very charming woman! That's the reason you withdraw your accusation.

RISBY.

I made no accusation. And if you have repeated what I told you in the strictest confidence about Mrs. Dane, I must beg you to put the matter right at once. For if you give me as your authority I shall have to explain that I was mistaken, that consequently you were mistaken, and further, that from this moment, you are fully aware that you are mistaken.

MRS. BUL.-P.

I'm not fully aware that I'm mistaken.

BUL.-P.

What does it matter whether you're mistaken or no? Suppose Mrs. Dane is Miss Hindemarsh, what then? [1]

[1] *Violin solo finishes, applause heard off through door.*

MRS. BUL.-P.

When then?! Do you consider her fit to mix in the society of your wife?

BUL.-P.

I daresay she's as fit as nine out of ten of the women you meet if the truth were only known. [*To* RISBY.] What was the exact story of this Miss Hindemarsh?

RISBY.

Oh, the eternal trio![2]—Dramatis personæ, Mr. Horace Trent, charming, devoted, middle-aged husband; Mrs. Horace Trent, charming, devoted, middle-aged wife; Felicia Hindemarsh, charming, devoted, youthful governess to their children and companion to Mrs. Trent; the whole forming a truly happy family, who passed the autumn at the Italian lakes, and returned by Vienna at the time I was an *attaché* there five years ago. During their stay in Vienna, charming, middle-aged wife discovers a *liaison* between charming, middle-aged husband and charming, youthful governess; and instead of sensibly packing off missy with a month's salary and saying no more about it, charming, middle-aged wife, being a neurotic creature, commits suicide.[3] Charming, middle-aged husband is naturally horrified, and also refrains from doing the sensible thing—in fact, goes out of his mind, and is at present in an asylum in the north of England. Missy does the sensible thing and disappears. The story is hushed up as far as possible, but the moral remains: "Upon the

[2] *Sits on sofa beside Mrs. Bulsom-Porter, to her left.*

[3] *Rises, comes to C.*

verge of such a tragedy may any one of us poor innocents be treading at this moment." [*Takes out watch.*] Adieu, auntie. I have to catch an early train to town to-morrow morning.[1]

[1] *Going to door* L.

MRS. BUL.-P.[2]

[2] *Rises, comes to* C.

You are sure Mrs. Dane is not Miss Hindemarsh?

RISBY.

Quite sure.[3]

[3] *Comes back to* C.

[*The violin ceases and there is some applause.*]

MRS. BUL.-P.

She doesn't resemble Miss Hindemarsh?

RISBY. [*After a pause.*]

There is a slight resemblance. Perhaps I should say a considerable resemblance.

MRS. BUL.-P.

[*After looking at him fixedly for a moment.*] Jim, I shall fully inquire into this Mrs. Dane's antecedents——

[4] *Risby makes a sign, warning Bulsom-Porter to keep silence. Mr. Bulsom-Porter rises as Mrs. Dane enters. Risby turns up* C.

BUL.-P.

What for? What business is it of yours to rake up old scandals? It's five years ago, and——[4]

RISBY.

Sh——!

[5] *Left. Buzz of conversation heard off as she enters, kept up until Mrs. Bulsom-Porter is off.*

Enter MRS. DANE,[5] *a pretty, soft-voiced, dark little woman about twenty-eight. They show some embarrassment at her entrance. With some little hesitation* MRS. DANE *comes up to* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER.

MRS. D.

Lady Eastney has a great find in her new violinist, don't you think?

[6] *Bulsom-Porter crosses to Mrs. Dane as if to speak to her.*

MRS. BUL.-P.

[*Coldly.*] Really, I didn't hear her.[6] Ah, I see she is going to play again.[7] Alfred [*to* BULSOM-

[7] *Going left.*

PORTER.] I very much want you to hear this. [*Goes off, turning, comes back a step.*] Alfred! Come and listen! I want to decide whether we shall engage this lady for our garden party.

[*She waits at door, till he comes up, then goes off.*[1] BULSOM-PORTER *follows reluctantly, exchanging a little shrug and grin with* RISBY. *After they have gone off there is a little pause. The violin begins again and the buzz of conversation in the next room ceases.* RISBY *goes to door,*[2] *left, closes it.* MRS. DANE *has been watching him a little furtively. Having closed the door he comes up to her.*

[1] *Left.*

[2] *Left.*

RISBY.[3]

[3] C.

My dear Mrs. Dane, when one has inadvertently made a mistake, the best way is to own up at once.

MRS. D.[4]

[4] R. C.

Yes? Who has made a mistake?

RISBY.

I have[5]—a stupid, ill-natured, idiotic mistake. You remember when I first met you?

[5] *Mrs. Dane looks at him.*

MRS. D.

[*Glances at him very quickly.*] At Sir Daniel Carteret's, a fortnight ago.

RISBY.

[*After a slight pause.*] Yes. Do you know I thought then that we had met before?

MRS. D.[6]

[6] *Going down right.*

Indeed? Where?

RISBY.

In Vienna five years ago.

MRS. D.

I have never been in Vienna.[1]

[1] *Sits on sofa.*

RISBY.

No. The second time I saw you I was convinced I was mistaken. But in the meantime—I scarcely know how to confess my folly—I had thoughtlessly told my aunt, Mrs. Bulsom-Porter, that I recognized you.

MRS. D.

I've noticed that Mrs. Bulsom-Porter seems to avoid me. You must have told her I was some very wicked person. Whom does she suppose me to be?

RISBY.

You have some resemblance to a Miss Felicia Hindemarsh——

MRS. D.

Who is she?

[2] *Hesitates—looks at her significantly and warningly.*

RISBY.[2]

She was connected with an unfortunate affair in Vienna five years ago. [*Pause.*

MRS. D.

And does Mrs. Bulsom-Porter really think I am this —this Miss what's-her-name?

RISBY.

I have assured her you are not.

MRS. D.

Thank you. What would you advise me to do?

RISBY.

I am obliged to leave for Paris to-morrow morning on my way to Switzerland. If you find yourself in any difficulty, write to me and I will reply in such a way that there can be no doubt.

MRS. D.

Thank you. You're very good.

RISBY.

Not at all. I can't tell you how vexed I am to have made such a horrible mistake. But having made it, I thought it better to put you on your guard. Good-bye. [*Offering hand.*

MRS. D.

Good-bye.

[*He goes a few steps,*[1] *then returns.*

[1] *Towards left.*

RISBY.

Mrs. Dane, if you think of passing the winter away from Sunningwater, I have the most delightful little villa near Mentone—untenanted—I should be pleased to place it at your disposal.

MRS. D.

No, thank you. Why should I leave Sunningwater?

RISBY.

Is there anything I can do for you before I start?

MRS. D.[2]

Will you tell Sir Daniel and Mr. Carteret that I am not this lady?

[2] *Looks at him with meaning—a little pause before she speaks.*

RISBY.

[*After a moment or two's deliberation.*] Believe me, it will be better to let the matter drop entirely, unless it is raised by others. Lady Eastney is busy. I'll slip round by the conservatory and send her a little note of adieu. Again, good-bye.[3]

[3] *Turns up C.*

MRS. D.

Good-bye. I may always reckon you my friend? Putting her hand out appealingly.[4]

[4] *He comes down to her.*

RISBY.

[*Shakes her hand warmly.*] Rely on me.

[*Exit by conservatory.*[1] *She watches him off; then in anxious deliberation walks*[2] *up and down the room for a few moments.*

Enter LIONEL CARTERET,[3] *a fresh, bright, enthusiastic, clear-complexioned English lad of twenty-four. He closes the door after him.*

LAL.[4]

Mrs. Dane, if I ask you a question will you answer me truthfully instead of telling me a polite fib?

MRS. D.

[*After showing a little alarm.*] Ask me the question.

LAL.

You seem to be keeping out of my way, trying not to give me a chance of speaking to you alone. [*She shows delight when she sees his drift.*] And the other night at our place you were so different; you seemed to like my company. Have I offended you?

MRS. D.

No.[5]

LAL.

Then why have you changed? For you have changed.

MRS. D.

Perhaps I was a little foolish last Wednesday.

LAL.[6]

No! no! You don't know what I felt that night! I waited outside your window till past midnight, then I tramped about the country till three, then the birds began to wake and sing and I whistled back their songs to them; then I went down to the river

[1] *Goes off centre to right.*

[2] C.—*finishes down* R. C.

[3] *Left. Buzz of conversation as he enters—ceases as he closes door.*

[4] *He stands for a moment admiring Mrs. Dane—then comes to her.*

[5] *Sits on sofa* R.

[6] *Goes to her behind sofa.*

and had a swim; then I came back to the house and plundered the larder and ate up everything in it; then I went to the stables and saddled Moon Daisy, and galloped her all round the park; then I came back and had another breakfast, and then I kept just mad with happiness all the rest of the day!

3rd Call.

Sir Daniel. Lady Eastney. Janet.

MRS. D.

[*She has listened with great delight, keeping her face away from him.*] I see I was very foolish.

LAL.

No. Why?

MRS. D.

Believe me, a friendship between us wouldn't be for your good.

LAL.

It isn't friendship I want.

MRS. D.

[*Delighted.*] What else can it be? You're twenty-four. I'm twenty-seven. That means many years between us, and there will be more as we grow older.

LAL.

[*Shaking his head.*] You will always be the same age that I am—the very same day, the very same hour.

MRS. D.

[*She smiles and shakes her head.*] But you know nothing of me?

LAL.

I know you as you know yourself.

MRS. D.

[*A little cautiously.*] Do you? How?

LAL.

My heart has told me all.

MRS. D.

Perhaps your heart has spoken falsely.

LAL.

You shan't persuade me that you aren't exactly what I want you to be.

MRS. D.

[*Shows great delight.*] Perhaps my best self isn't very far from that. But then we have so many different selves.

LAL.

You have but your own self, and that is the one I know.

MRS. D.

Then that is the particular self you must always believe me to be. It will do no harm when we are parted.

LAL.

[1] *Comes to left of sofa.*

Parted?[1]

MRS. D.

[2] *Lionel shakes his head.*

Did you notice Sir Daniel looking at us down the table at dinner? He was thinking, "I must get Lionel away from Mrs. Dane."[2] And he has made up his mind to do it.

LAL.

[3] *Sitting beside her.*

He won't wish to part us when he knows how much I love you.[3]

MRS. D.

You haven't told him?

LAL.

No. The truth is, a year ago I thought I was in love with Miss Colquhoun. But Lady Eastney and my father said she was too young.

MRS. D.

So it was broken off?

LAL.

We were to wait a year, and then if we were both of the same mind, we were to be formally engaged.

MRS. D.

And is Miss Colquhoun of the same mind?

LAL.

Janet? I don't know. I only know it would be a sin to be engaged to her while I love you as I do.

MRS. D.

I'm afraid of Sir Daniel.

LAL.

Why?

MRS. D.

I suppose his reputation frightens me.

LAL.

They say he's the pleasantest judge that ever hanged a man.

MRS. D.

Mr. Risby was telling us about some famous cross-examination—something about a forger.

LAL.

Oh, Kettleby, the forger-murderer. On the morning of his execution Kettleby said that to have heard my father's cross-examination of his witnesses was very well worth being hanged for.

MRS. D.

Then do you wonder I'm rather afraid of Sir Daniel?

LAL.

You needn't be. In private he's the dearest, kindest-hearted man. And when he knows that the happiness of my whole life depends upon you, I'm sure he won't withhold his consent.

MRS. D.

He isn't your own father?

LAL.

No, but if he were I couldn't love him more than I do.

MRS. D.

But if he doesn't think me suitable; if after consideration he says "No"?

LAL.

Then I'll disobey him and marry you.

MRS. D.

Are you sure of yourself? [1]

[1] *Putting her hand on his arm.*

LAL.

Try me.

MRS. D.

[*After some consideration.*] No. I'm very proud and happy to be loved as you love me. But I won't come between you and your father.

LAL.

But if I can get his consent?[2]

[2] *Rises as Sir Daniel enters.*

Enter[3] SIR DANIEL (MR. JUSTICE) CARTERET, *about fifty-five. A pause of embarrassment.* SIR DANIEL *is sauntering off at back.*

[3] *Left. Buzz of conversation heard off as he enters, kept up until Mrs. Dane is off.*

MRS. D.[4]

[4] L. C.

We are missing all the music——

SIR D.[5]

[5] *Up C. Turns.*

It's worth hearing. Mademoiselle Lemonier is just going to play.

MRS. D.

Thank you. I want to hear her——

[*Exit* MRS. DANE.[6] LAL. *is following her.*]

[6] *Left.*

SIR D.

Lal! [LAL *stops.* SIR DANIEL *closes the door.*] I've spoken to Sir Robert Jennings to take you out as assistant to him on this new Egyptian railway.[1]

[1] *Violin solo begins.*

LAL.

I'd rather not leave England just now, sir.

SIR D.

[*Very firmly.*] I wish it.

LAL.

Why, sir?

SIR D.

[*Very affectionately putting his hand on* LAL'S *shoulder.*] My dear Lal, to stop you from making an unhappy fool of yourself.[2]

[2] *Crossing down right.*

LAL.[3]

[3] *Comes c.*

In what way, sir?

SIR D.[4]

[4] *Sits on sofa right.*

When I came up to London to read for the bar, I fell very desperately in love with my landlady's sister, a lady some six years older and some two stone heavier than myself. She was in the mantle business and wore a large crinoline. I used to call her my Bonnie Louisa. My father got wind of it, came up to town and promptly shattered our apple-cart; sent Bonnie Louisa flying to Paris, and packed me off on a judicial commission to India.

LAL.

I don't see the point of the story, sir.

SIR D.

Twelve years after, I happened to be coming down the Edgware Road on a Sunday morning, and I met Bonnie Louisa with a husband and five children, sailing along the pavement, all in their Sunday best.

LAL.

Still, I don't see the point, sir.

SIR D.

I did! I hurried to church and devoutly thanked Heaven that my father had had the sense and the courage to do for me what I'm trying to do for you to-night. [*Very firmly.*] Now, my boy, you'll take this post under Sir Robert Jennings.

LAL.

I can't leave her, sir. I love her so much.

SIR D.

But a year ago you loved Janet Colquhoun.

LAL.

I *thought* I loved Janet. I'm *sure* I love Mrs. Dane.

SIR D.

And in a year you'll be sure you love somebody else, and you'll think you loved Mrs. Dane. [LAL *shakes his head.* SIR DANIEL *shakes his more vigorously still.*] Yes, yes. Bonnie Louisa, Janet Colquhoun, Juliet Capulet—the divine illusion is always the same—and it always ends unhappily.

LAL.

It always ends unhappily?

SIR D.

Or in bathos, which is far worse. Rather than that let us be thankful when the red-hot ploughshare is driven right through our hearts, or when we have the pluck to drive it through ourselves. Now Lal, I want you to leave England at once.[1]

[1] *Violin solo ceases, applause heard off.*

LAL.

I'm very sorry. I can't, unless—unless Mrs. Dane

goes with me. [SIR DANIEL *looks astonished and indignant.*] I've asked her to be my wife.

SIR D.[1]

[1] *Surprised, hurt. Rises Crosses to* L.

You might have told me first, Lal.

LAL.

Forgive me, sir. I meant to, but my heart was so full and the words slipped out. You're angry with me?

SIR D.

[*Very kindly.*] No. [*Pause.*] Has she accepted you?

LAL.

She will—if you consent.

SIR D.

How long have you cared for her?

LAL.

From the very first day I met her.

SIR D.

Two months ago. Has she told you anything of her people?[2]

Sits, left.

LAL.

No.

SIR D.

Circumstances? position?

LAL.

No.

SIR D.

Where she has lived all her life?

LAL.

She happened to say that she had spent some years in Canada.

SIR D.

Canada? Come, that's something. There was a Mr. Dane—who was he?

LAL.

I don't know.

SIR D.

Hasn't she mentioned him?

LAL.

Naturally not.

SIR D.

Naturally not. Still there was a Mr. Dane, and he remains a factor in the situation. Has she told you her age?

LAL.

Twenty-seven.

SIR D.

Twenty-seven? Dear, dear, I should have said a year or so older.

LAL.

She wouldn't tell me a lie.

SIR D.

No?

LAL.

A woman doesn't tell a lie to the man she loves.[1] Why do you laugh?

[1] *A contemptuous little chuckle from Sir Daniel.*

SIR D.

My dear Lal, fifty women out of a hundred have no notion of what truth means, and don't bother about it.[2] The other fifty have the rudiments of a truth-sense in various stages of development, and will generally tell the truth where their own interests don't clash.[3] But in matters of love, there isn't one woman in a hundred—there isn't one woman in a thousand, that, when she's put to it, won't lie right and left, up and down, backwards and forwards, *to* the man she loves, *for* the man she loves, *with* the man she loves, *about* the man she loves, to gain her ends, and *keep* the man she loves.

[2] *Lal turns up C. annoyed.*

[3] *Rises, goes towards C.*

LAL.

You have a very low opinion of women, sir.

SIR D.

I have a very high opinion of them—in matters of strategy.

LAL.

You won't stand in my way, sir? Think, sir, has there never been a time in your life when you would have thrown up everything, just for the right of calling one woman your own?

SIR D.

[*Is moved by his appeal; takes the hand he is holding out; shakes it warmly.*] I won't stand in your way, Lal.

LAL.

Thank you, sir. You've always been better than a dozen fathers to me.

SIR D.

I won't stand in your way—unless there's some good reason why you shouldn't marry her.

LAL.

What reason can there be? You don't know anything against her?

SIR D.

No. Still it's a little strange that she has lived in Sunningwater some months and nobody seems to know anything about her. Have you said anything to Janet?

LAL.

No. I thought it better to let her guess—from my manner. You know, sir, there was no engagement between us.

SIR D.

I'm sorry. I hope this business won't twist poor little Janet's heartstrings.[1]

[1] *Goes down R.*

Enter LADY EASTNEY,[1] *about thirty, bright, fashionable, handsomely dressed.*

LADY E.[2]

Sir Daniel! Playing truant here! Everybody will be putting the worst interpretation upon it.

SIR D.[3]

What interpretation?

LADY E.

That I've accepted you at last, and that you've come in here to repent and think of the best way of getting out of it. [*Calls to* LAL.] Lionel![4] The young people are getting up a dance! Janet is posing against a pillar in an attitude of maiden-meditation fancy-free. Go and ask her to dance with you.

LAL.[5]

[*Confused.*] I'm very sorry, Lady Eastney—[6] will you tell her, sir? And will you tell Miss Colquhoun?

[*Exit hurriedly.*[7] LADY EASTNEY *looks at* SIR DANIEL *for an explanation.*[8]

SIR D.

It seems that Lal didn't know his own mind last year.[9]

LADY E.

He's going to throw over my Janet for Mrs. Dane?

SIR D.

I'm very sorry. I think you should tell Janet.

LADY E.

Help me.[10]

Enter JANET COLQUHOUN,[11] *about eighteen, with a slight Scotch accent; she saunters towards right.*

[1] *Left. Buzz of conversation as she enters—ceases as she closes door. Lionel goes up to back.*

[2] L. C.

[3] R.

[4] *He comes down.*

[5] C.

[6] *Crosses to Sir Daniel.*

[7] *Into conservatory and off right.*

[8] *Comes* C.

[9] *Crosses behind sofa to* L. C.

[10] *Sir Daniel goes down left.*

[11] *Left. Buzz of conversation as she enters, ceases when door is closed.*

LADY E.[1]

Aren't you goin to dance, Janet?

JANET.[2]

I'm thinking I won't to-night.

LADY E.

But what are all the young men doing? Hasn't anybody asked you?

JANET.

Oh, I'm not standing out for want of partners, but I thought there were plenty of them in there to tumble over each other, so I'd just get a breath of cool air outside.

[*Going up to conservatory.* LAL CARTERET *passes in conservatory*[3] *and takes no notice of her. She flushes up, shows for a moment that she is very much hurt, then conquers her feelings, and with great effort controls herself during the remainder of the scene.*

LADY E.[4]

Janet darling, go and have a dance, and don't think anything more about him.[5]

JANET.

Him?! Him?! Which him? [*Pointing off to where* LIONEL CARTERET *has just gone by. Very contemptuously.*] *That* him? Oh, there are plenty of other "hims" in the world, and I'll have a good conceit of myself and not trouble about any of them.

LADY E.

[*Very tenderly.*] Then you've forgotten all about your little flirtation a year ago?

JANET.

Flirtation?

[1] R. C.

[2] C.

[3] *From right to left.*

[4] *Going to Janet.*

[5] *Sir Daniel sits right.*

LADY E.

With Mr. Carteret.

JANET.

[1] *Crosses* R. C.

A year's a long time, isn't it?[1] [*To* SIR DANIEL.] I suppose Mr. Carteret has forgotten all about it too. Has he?[2]

[2] *Lady Eastney sits on back seat of settee left.*

SIR D.

I'm afraid Lal is very much like many other young men.

JANET.

You mean he makes love to every girl he meets and then breaks his word to all of them?

[3] *Left.*

SIR D.[3]

No! No! But perhaps he was a little too hasty a year ago.

JANET.

Is there any harm done?

SIR D.

Not unless you have taken it too seriously.

JANET.

Didn't he wish me to take it seriously?

SIR D.

He did at the time.

JANET.

But now he doesn't?

SIR D.

He's grieving to think that he has caused you pain.

[4] *Turns up centre, calls as Lionel appears in conservatory.*

[5] *From left in conservatory and down* L. C. *They come down* C. *a little. Janet on his right.*

JANET.

Poor fellow! Poor fellow! Do call him in and tell him that I'll try and not break my heart over him.[4] Mr. Carteret! [LAL *enters.*[5]] Sir Daniel and Auntie have just reminded me that we were very foolish a year ago. I've seen so little of you lately

that I'd forgotten all about it. Perhaps you've been grieving about it——

LAL.

Janet!

JANET.

Ah, you have! You won't take it too much to heart if I ask you not to think anything more of our—our flirtation? I was only seventeen. At seventeen one may change one's mind. I've changed my mind, Mr. Carteret.

LAL.

If I've caused you any pain you'll forgive me?

JANET.

Forgive you?! And I thought you'd be just breaking your heart for me! Aren't you breaking your heart?

LAL.

Miss Colquhoun, I know I've behaved badly.[1]

[1] *Turns away down* L. C. *a little.*

JANET.

[*Mocking a Scotch peasant's dialect.*] Dinna fash yourself. Ye're a braw laddie, but I'll just mak up my mind to do without ye. [*A little contemptuous curtsey to him.*] Now! Will you dance with me just once for auld lang syne, and then I'll not trifle with your feelings any longer, Mr. Carteret?

LAL.

If you wish. [*Gives her his arm. Exeunt.*[2]]

[2] L.

LADY E.

I'm very angry with Lionel.[3]

[3] *Going to* C.

SIR D.[4]

[4] L. *Buzz of conversation as they go off, till door is closed.*

Why?

4th Call.

LADY E.

For not seeing where his happiness lies after I'd planned it out so carefully for him

Canon Bonsey, Adams. Mrs. Dane.

SIR D.

Is there any knowing where married happiness lies for other people, or even for ourselves?

[1] *Rises. Crosses to* C.

LADY E.[1]

Apparently not. The happiest marriage I've ever known was between my old governess of forty-six and a young piano-tuner of twenty-two. We all went down on our knees, and begged her to see the monstrous unsuitability of it, but she wouldn't! She would marry the man, and the result is she has lived happily ever afterwards!

[2] *Rises. Crosses to* L. C.

SIR D.[2]

Give me your advice. Lal wants to marry this Mrs. Dane——

[3] *Crossing down right.*

LADY E.[3]

I can't quite forgive her for taking him away from Janet, and I can't quite forgive Lionel.

SIR D.

Don't be hard on him. Help me to do the best for the young fellow. I don't want him to make a mess of his life as I've done of mine.

LADY E.

[4] *Sits right.*

Have you made a mess of your life?[4]

SIR D.

Yes, so far as women are concerned.

LADY E.

H'm [*Looks at him very critically.*] You seem to have thrived very well on it. It can't have been a very unpleasant process. I wonder how many poor women have been sacrificed in the—scrimmage?[5]

[5] *Music cue for waltz.*

SIR D.

None, I hope. At least—[*deep sigh*] I've had one great love story in my life. Shall I tell you about it?

LADY E.

I should love to hear, if it isn't too sad and too sacred.

SIR D.

I've never told this to anyone. I wouldn't tell it to you except—except that you know I would gladly give you the right to ask me for some knowledge of my past attachments.

LADY E.[1]

I have already the right to ask you, the right of friendship and the right of a woman's curiosity.[2] [*Goes to door,*[3] *looks off.*] I think I can leave them for five minutes, and I've really done my duty to them to-night. [*Closes door.*] Now, begin! Don't spare yourself. Don't shock me; at the same time don't spare yourself and skip nothing of vital interest.[4]

SIR D.

We'll skip the first thirty-five years of my life.

LADY E.

Were they all barren of love stories?

SIR D.

None of them, after fifteen. But what's a boy's love?

LADY E.

That's what poor Janet is thinking.

~~JANET.~~

When I was just getting into comfortable practice I was thrown very much into the company of the wife of one of my clients. We grew to love each other deeply, passionately, almost before we were aware of it. We owned our love, recognized its hopelessness, and resolved to part. We parted, and endured some months of banishment worse than death; then we met again, and after a few mad

[1] *Rises. Crosses to c.*

[2] *Band plays a slow dreamy waltz.*

[3] *L. buzz of conversation as she opens door; it ceases directly it is closed.*

[4] *Crosses and sits on sofa right.*

weeks we determined to make our own happiness in our own world. She arranged to leave her home and to meet me at Liverpool by a certain train. I had our passages taken, and I remember waiting for her, waiting, waiting, waiting.[1] She never came. I went back to town and found a letter from her. Her boy, her only child, was dangerously ill and she had stayed to nurse him. She was a deeply religious woman, though she loved me, and she had vowed to God that if her child's life was spared she would never see me again. I was heart-broken, but I sent her a message that she had done right. The boy's life was spared. I never saw her again. In a few months she was dead. I had a big bout or two of dissipation, then I pulled myself together and worked hammer and tongs, day and night, at my profession. I became successful, and met other women; had my affairs with them—I won't call them love-affairs—some of them graceful, some of them romantic, none of them quite degrading, but all of them empty and heartless. And so I frittered away what affections I had left in cheap and facile amours; and all the while her tender ghost was standing beside me, whispering, "This isn't love! This isn't love! You'll never love again as you loved me!" I've been successful and happy after a fashion; but there has never been a moment since I lost her when I wouldn't have cheerfully bartered every farthing, every honour, every triumph I've scored in my profession, to stand again on that platform at Liverpool and know that she was coming to me.

[1] *Pause, deep sigh.*

LADY E.

My poor friend!

SIR D.

Her husband died, rather badly off, fifteen years ago. I took the boy, gave him my name, and made him my own. I've been a better man for having him,

and I love him—I've never allowed Lal to see how much I love him—I don't think I quite know myself, but the young fellow is very dear to me, very, very dear.

LADY E.

I should like to have been that woman. You've made me very jealous of her.

SIR D.

Why?

LADY E.

We all long to be the object of an undying love, and it so seldom comes off.

SIR D.

Curious I should be telling you all this, and at the same time asking you to be my wife.

LADY E.[1]

[1] *Rises. Crosses up C.*

My dear friend, I've never been so near accepting you as I am at this moment.

SIR D.[2]

[2] *Rises, follows her cue to stop music; it dies away slowly.*

Will you?

LADY E.

Now, if you had that same love to offer me——

SIR D.

I haven't, and I care for you too much to deceive you. But I can give you a very genuine attachment and perfect fidelity. If I were to pretend to offer you more I should be wronging you. Well?

LADY E.

Will you keep the offer open?

SIR D.

As long as you please.

LADY E.[3]

[3] *Moves down to back of sofa right. Sir Daniel follows her.*

You shouldn't say that. You should make me fear

I'm going to lose you if I don't say "Yes" this moment.

SIR D.

I'm past fifty. You're not thirty. There's no chance of your losing me. Well?

LADY E.

Well, we'll let the matter stay over again, if you don't mind?

SIR D.

I can wait. Meantime, you understand now why I want the boy to make a happy marriage. Will you help me?

LADY E.

Yes, with all my heart. What have you done so far?

SIR D.

Tried to laugh him out of it. When I found that was impossible I promised him he should marry her if we found she was suitable. What do you know of her?

LADY E.

Nothing. I met her at the Canon's.[1]

Enter very cautiously, CANON BONSEY,[2] *a rather jovial, good-natured clergyman about sixty, shrewd, plausible, worldly. He enters very cautiously, and closes the door behind him.*

CANON B.

Dear Lady Eastney, may I intrude for one moment.[2] [*He comes up rather slowly and mysteriously.*] Do you know, I'm rather afraid we are going to have another scandal?[3]

LADY E.

[*Quickly.*] I don't know anything about it, Canon. I won't know anything about it. And above all, I

[1] *Sits on sofa right.*

[2] *Left. Buzz of conversation as he enters; stops directly the door is closed. Sir Daniel turns up C.*

[3] *Sits on sofa, to her left.*

decline to give a certificate of injured innocence to any young person who misses her last train. Now [*inclining her ear to him*], gently breathe the name of the minx and her victim and do, please, keep me out of it this time.[1]

[1] *Sir Daniel comes down left and sits.*

CANON B.

Dear Lady Eastney, you may rely I shall do my best to keep everybody out of it—especially myself. You haven't heard any whisper about one of your guests this evening?

LADY E.

No—whom?

CANON B.

Mrs. Dane.

[SIR DANIEL *and* LADY EASTNEY *exchange looks.*

LADY E.

What of her?

CANON B.

Ask Mrs. Bulsom-Porter.

LADY E.

Mrs. Bulsom-Porter![2] How is it that everything horrid in this neighbourhood radiates to and from that woman! What is she saying, and how does she know?

[2] *Rises. Crosses to* C.

CANON B.

It seems her nephew, Mr. Risby, told her that Mrs. Dane was connected with a very ugly scandal in Vienna some years ago.

LADY E.

Where is Mr. Risby? Will you ask him to come to me?[3]

[3] *Canon rises as if to ring bell.*

Enter ADAMS,[4] *with letter on tray which he brings to* LADY EASTNEY.

[4] L. *Buzz of conversation —ceases when door is shut.*

ADAMS.

From Mr. Risby, my lady. He has just gone.[1]

[LADY EASTNEY *takes letter, reads it. Exit* ADAMS.[2]

SIR D.

Canon, you introduced Mrs. Dane to us all.

CANON B. [*A little uncomfortable.*]

Yes. She came to church. Of course I called on her. I found she played the piano divinely, and had been living in Winchester for some months, and knew some very nice people there whom I knew; and above all was a very delightful lady. And when a delightful lady comes to church, and subscribes regularly to all the parish charities, and has a perfect mastery of the piano, and is evidently a very dear sweet creature in every way, and a gentlewoman, I don't think it's the duty of a clergyman to ask her for references as if she were a housemaid, eh?

SIR D.

[*To* LADY EASTNEY.] Does Risby mention anything of this?

LADY E.

[*Who has been reading* RISBY'S *letter.*] No. He only sends me a word of adieu. He has gone to town to-night on his way to Switzerland.

SIR D.

[*To* CANON.] Then you have no knowledge of Mrs. Dane, whether she is a desirable acquaintance?

CANON B.

A woman with such a face, and such a figure, and such a divine musician, cannot be an undesirable acquaintance.[3] At the same time, as she is to take a stall at the bazaar, and the duchess is to open it, I should like to get this little matter cleared up.

[1] *Canon again sits.*

[2] *Left. Buzz of conversation as he goes off till door is closed.*

[3] *Lady Eastney smiles, goes up to table, puts letter on it.*

Our dear duchess is not a latitudinarian in these matters. What had we better do?

SIR D.

You are the clergyman of the parish, and responsible for her introduction here. Oughtn't you to call on her and get to know her history?

CANON B.

My dear Sir Daniel, what would happen? If there is anything shady in her past life she would omit to mention it. With my easy, ingenuous nature I should be a mere baby in her hands. No, I think this is a case where your legal experience might be of service, eh?

SIR D.

If she were in the witness-box it might; but she isn't.

CANON B.[1]

Or, as it is essentially a woman's question, and as she is your guest, Lady Eastney, perhaps you might venture to gently—gently——

LADY E.

Invite a lady to dinner, and then ask her whether she is fit to mix with my guests?

CANON B.

H'm! It's very awkward. What is to be done?

LAL *enters quickly.*[2] *At the same moment* MRS. DANE *appears in conservatory, left, behind a shrub, and gently moves towards centre, apparently much engaged with the plants.*

LAL.[3]

[*Quick, indignant.*] Lady Eastney, Mrs. Bulsom-Porter is circulating a most malicious story about Mrs. Dane. I beg you to inquire into the matter. [*To* SIR DANIEL.] Sir, you will help us?

[1] *Rises; goes up towards Lady Eastney who meets him* C.

[2] *Left. Buzz of conversation kept up till exit of Sir Daniel.*

[3] C.

[1] L. C. *Cue for music to be ready and curtain warning.*

SIR D.[1]

[*In a hurried whisper.*] Not here, not now. We mustn't have a scene here. Hush!

[*Pointing to* MRS. DANE *in conservatory. She comes to centre door, enters, and comes down to them.* CANON BONSEY *goes off very quietly at the window.*[2]

[2] R.

[3] *Left.*

SIR D. [*Looking off.*[3]]

Ah, Lal, there is Sir Robert. Now we can get a word with him about the railway.

[4] L. C.

LAL.[4]

But, sir——

SIR D.

[*In a low tone, very peremptory, and taking* LAL'S *arm.*] If you please, Lal. If you please.

[5] L.

[*Takes* LAL *off.*[5]

[6] *Towards* R.

LADY E.[6]

They are serving a little supper for the late guests. Won't you come and have some?

MRS. D.

[7] *Sits on sofa* R.

No, thank you. I'm a little faint. I'll stay here.[7]

[8] L.

[LADY EASTNEY *goes to drawing-room door,*[8] *looks back, returns to* MRS. DANE.

LADY E.

Is anything the matter?

MRS. D.

No! No! What should there be?

LADY E. [*With meaning.*]

Can I be of any service to you?

MRS. D.

In what way? [*Pause—the two women look at*

each other.] I'm only a little faint. Please don't wait.

LADY E.

I'll send my maid to you. Let me know if there is anything further I can do.

[*Exit,*[1] MRS. DANE *watches her off furtively, then, after a second or two, rises, creeps round at back to behind the curtain hanging over door, peeps through, watching, listening, with drawn, frightened face.*[2] *Laughter, buzz and hum of conversation, strains of distant dance music.*

QUICK CURTAIN.

(*Nearly three weeks pass between Acts I. and II.*)

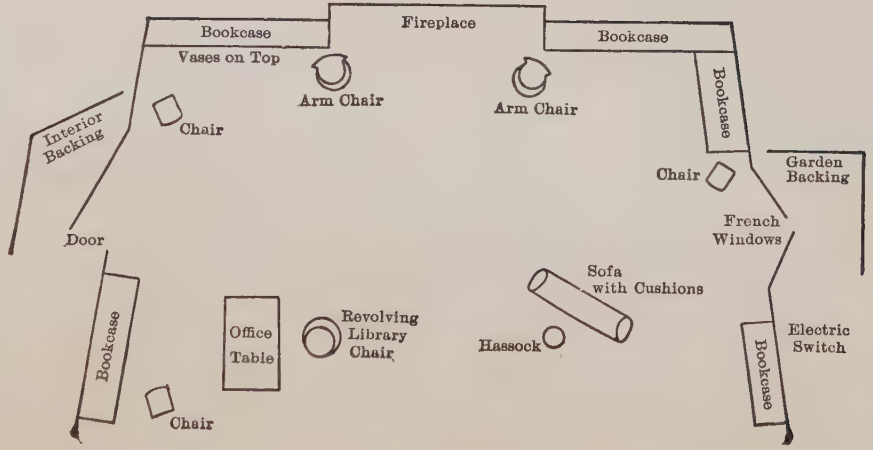
(ACT PLAYS 35 MINUTES.)

[1] L. *Leaving door open.*

Music bursts out in a lively waltz. Buzz of conversation and laughter grow animated till curtain goes down.

[2] *Draws her hand in anguish across her forehead.*

MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE
ACTS 3 AND 4



ACT II.

Shows amber arches each side of C. *opening. Bunch light at door* L. *White length at window* R. *All full up.*

1st Call.

SCENE. *The same. Afternoon. Discover* JANET *seated on sofa*[1] *at fancy work. She throws down the work, bursts into tears, then dries them, goes up to looking-glass on wall,*[2] *stands looking at herself.*

Lady Eastney. Janet. Sir Daniel. Lionel. Adams. Hat on settee L. C.

[1] F.

[2] R.

JANET. [*To herself in the glass.*]

Ah, you poor coward! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? To be troubling about a man who has had the bad taste to throw you over? Have a better opinion of yourself, my poor Janet! There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it! And a better man than Lionel Carteret will come and take a fancy to your bonnie, bonnie face! So dry your eyes and bide a wee bit, my lassie.

Enter LADY EASTNEY.[3] *She comes up to* JANET *and looks in her face.*

[3] C. *from* R.

LADY E.[4]

[4] *At back of sofa* R.

Janet.

JANET. [*Faces her, picks up her work.*]

Auntie, I'm just sick of staying in England, and wasting my life in such trumpery as this [*shaking her work ferociously*] so I'm going straight out to India!

LADY E.

India?

JANET.

The Indian women are fearfully demoralized and ignorant; they don't know how to treat their babies, and when the poor wee mites come into the world

they just perish by the score for the want of a sensible body to teach the mothers how to use them.

LADY E.

My dear Janet, if Providence has neglected to endow the Indian women with the common instincts of maternity, I question if you're quite qualified to supply the deficiency.

JANET.

Mrs. Patterson is organizing a mission to go out there to doctor and civilize the poor creatures, so I'll just go out and help her to do for them.

LADY E.

Janet, I knew you were fretting——

JANET.

What will I be fretting about?

LADY E.

Lionel Carteret.

JANET. [*Bursts into laughter.*]

Oh, my poor little Auntie [*kissing her*], I'd clean forgotten all about the man.

LADY E.

Janet, tell me the truth——

JANET.

The truth is, Auntie, that if Mr. Lionel Carteret were lying down there on the floor and begging me to pick him up, I wouldn't take the trouble to stoop down to him, or to any other man-body in the world! There![1]

[1] *Crosses to* L. C.

Enter ADAMS,[2] *announcing* SIR DANIEL *and* MR. LIONEL CARTERET. *Enter* SIR DANIEL *and* LAL. *Exit* ADAMS.

[2] L.

SIR D.

To Janet. How-dy'e-do, dear?[3]

[3] *Crosses to Lady Eastney* R. C.

JANET.[1]

How-d'ye-do, Sir Daniel? How-d'ye-do, Mr. Carteret?

[1] *Up* C.

LAL.[2]

[*Confused.*] How-d'ye-do?

[2] L. C.

[JANET *takes up her hat which is lying on the settee, goes off at back, swinging it with an affectation of carelessness.* LADY EASTNEY *has shaken hands with* SIR DANIEL *and* LAL.

SIR D.

Well, how do we stand now?

LADY E.

The Bulsom-Porters are coming over to meet you, and I've asked the Canon to look in. They'll be here directly. [*Taking out watch.*

SIR D.

And then what are we to do?

LADY E.

Talk it over.

SIR D.

Don't you think there's been quite enough talking it over the last fortnight?

LADY E.

We haven't had your assistance. Candidly, what is your opinion?[3]

[3] *Sits on sofa* R.

SIR D.[4]

I have none. I'm waiting for facts. Have you heard from Risby?

[4] R. C.

LADY E.

Not a word.

SIR D.

What did you say to him?

LADY E.

I asked him to tell me in the strictest confidence all he knew about Mrs. Dane.

SIR D.

And he hasn't replied?

LADY E.

It's only five days ago that I wrote. Perhaps my letter hasn't reached him.

SIR D.

Rather strange, isn't it?

[1] L. C.

LAL.[1]

[*Indignantly.*] It's much more strange that everybody should be saying and believing the worst of an innocent woman without a shadow of proof.

SIR D.

Without a shadow of proof that she is innocent.

LAL.

I thought, sir, that English law assumed everybody to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty.

[2] *Crosses to Lionel.*

SIR D.[2]

I do not assume Mrs. Dane is guilty—or innocent. I only say I don't know.

LAL.

Mrs. Dane has done exactly what an innocent woman naturally would do.

SIR D.

Ah, pardon my inexperience, my dear Lal. What does an innocent woman naturally do?

LAL.

She treats all slander with silent contempt. She knows her life will stand the test of inquiry, and therefore she doesn't stoop to answer calumny.

SIR D.

Meantime everybody cuts her.

LAL.[1]

Lady Eastney, if you were in Mrs. Dane's place how would you have acted?

SIR D.

Supposing you were innocent?

LADY E. [*After a little pause.*]

I think I should have acted exactly as Mrs. Dane has done.[2]

SIR D.

Supposing you were guilty?[3]

LADY E.

I don't know.[4]

SIR D.[5]

If you were guilty don't you think you would try to act exactly in the same way? And whether you succeeded, would depend, not so much upon your guilt or your innocence, as upon your self-control, and how far you had cultivated the woman's gift for acting. Guilt is the natural and necessary mimic of innocence as hypocrisy is the natural and necessary mimic of virtue; and just as nature is always ready to lend a mimic-skin of protection to any beast or bird or insect that needs its shelter, so she is always ready to lend the sheepskin of innocence to any criminal that's clever enough to draw it over him.

LAL.[6]

Criminal! You are speaking, sir, of the lady whom I have asked to be my wife.

SIR D.

Not at all. I am speaking generally. For all I know, Mrs. Dane is the most innocent and virtuous lady in the world.

[1] *Crosses to Lady Eastney.*

[2] *Lionel turns to Sir Daniel with a smile of triumph.*

[3] *Lady Eastney is nonplussed.*

[4] *Lionel turns up C. annoyed.*

[5] *Crosses to Lady Eastney.*

2nd Call.

Canon Bonsey. Mrs. Bulsom Porter. Mr. Bulsom Porter.

[6] *Comes down.*

LAL.

But you don't believe she is?

SIR D.

I have no means of judging. The lady knows that her reputation is being torn to rags. She doesn't put the matter in her lawyer's hands. She avoids, or seems to avoid, meeting me; she gives you a few very vague details of her past life, and then wraps herself in a mantle of injured innocence——

LAL. [*Very indignantly.*]

Injured innocence! [*To* SIR DANIEL.] I asked you for your help to clear the woman who is dearer to me than my life from a lying slander, and you insinuate that she is a criminal and a hypocrite! [*Seizes his hat.*] I will never again ask you for the smallest favour as long as I live.[1] I give you back your name, and I take my own to offer it to her. Good-day, Sir Daniel Carteret. [*Going off.*

[1] *Lady Eastney rises, crosses to* C.

LADY E.

Lionel! [*He doesn't stop.*] Lionel! [*He half stops.*] Lionel! [*He stops.*] You want Mrs. Dane's reputation to be cleared. Don't you think Sir Daniel is the best man in England to help you? For her sake don't quarrel with him. Don't throw over the best of fathers and the best of friends in a moment of temper.[2] Sir Daniel, I think you are a little hard on Mrs. Dane. Lionel doesn't want a legal machine to grind out the evidence. He wants a friend to stand by him and the woman he loves. Come, shake hands with him and promise you'll help him. [*She joins their hands.*

[2] *Takes his hat from him, puts it on chair up* C., *then comes down between them.*

SIR D.

Forgive me, my dear boy. I didn't mean to wound you.

LAL.

Forgive me, sir. I can't bear that anyone should speak ill of her.

LADY E.

And now let us put our heads together and set to work to do our best to clear her.

SIR D.

Ah! How can we do that?

LAL.

You soon cleared that poor governess who was accused of stealing the bracelet!

SIR D.

Because she came to me and told me a plain, simple story which I was able to verify.

LADY E.

I'll write a note to Mrs. Dane and ask her to step over; then I'll advise her to tell her story to you and put herself entirely in your hands.[1]

[1] *Going up to table at back.*

SIR D.

That may be very unkind to her.[2]

[2] *Sitting on sofa* R.

LADY E.

Why?

SIR D.

For the past fortnight I have kept away from Mrs. Dane, I have tried to keep Lal away from her, because we have not a single fact to go upon.[3] Risby, who is responsible for this story, doesn't answer your letter. Mrs. Dane herself keeps silence. Now suppose this story is true—[*indignant gesture from* LAL.] My dear Lal, have patience! If it's false, we shall soon be able to demolish it and put Mrs. Dane right with the world. But suppose it's true, you force her hand, you make it impossible for her to hide it, and you give Mrs. Bulsom-Porter a public

[3] *Goes up to table on* L. *of it.*

triumph over her. Don't you think it might be kinder to Mrs. Dane to wait?

LAL.

No. Lady Eastney, will you write to Mrs. Dane and say that we all think she should stop these stories at once by coming over here and giving Sir Daniel the means of proving them false.

LADY E. [*Seats herself at writing-table.*]

After all, we only want to know the truth.

SIR D.

[1] *Goes down to Lionel* L. C.

You'll get it that way.[1] [*To* LAL.] Lal, if I take this story to pieces and find it false, you shall marry Mrs. Dane as soon as you please.

LAL.

Thank you, sir.

SIR D.

But—don't be angry with me—if I find it true, of course there's an end to everything between you and her?

LAL.

Of course, sir.

[2] L.

[3] *Canon comes between Sir Daniel and Lal.*

[4] *Lal crosses behind Sir Daniel to Lady Eastney for the letter. Canon crosses to* R. C. *Lady Eastney comes to Canon on his right. They sit on sofa* R. *Sir Daniel turns up* C. *puts his hat down, comes down* L. *sits on settee* L.

Enter ADAMS,[2] *announcing* CANON BONSEY. *Enter* CANON BONSEY. *He shakes hands with* SIR DANIEL *and* LAL. LADY EASTNEY *smiles and nods to* CANON *from writing-table.*[3]

LADY E.

Adams, will you send this note to Mrs. Dane at once?

LAL.

I'll take it myself, Lady Eastney.[4]

[LAL *takes letter and goes off, left. Exit* ADAMS, *left.*

LADY E. [*Shaking hands with* CANON.]

I'm delighted you've come. Is there anything fresh?

CANON B.

I met Bulsom-Porter this morning; he is most anxious to withdraw, or apologize, or do anything to smooth the matter over.

LADY E.

I saw Mrs. Bulsom-Porter yesterday, and I'm quite sure she will never withdraw anything that can damage the reputation of another woman. It would be a concession to immorality.

SIR D.[1]

[1] *Seated on settee* L.

You've not seen Mrs. Dane again, I suppose, Canon?

CANON B.

No. I called ten days ago and dropped a hint that under the circumstances it would be advisable for her not to take a stall at the bazaar.

SIR D.

3rd Call.

Did she take the hint?

Mrs. Dane. Long telegram in envelope.

CANON B.

No; somehow or the other she managed to convince me that she was a very much ill-used woman, and I left her with the understanding that she should take the stall, at the bazaar.

LADY E.

Then she will?

CANON B.

Well, this morning I understand our dear duchess has got wind of the story, and is going to send for me, and mercilessly haul me over the coals; in fact, I hear she refuses to open the bazaar unless Mrs. Dane retires; so between these two dear ladies my peace of mind is likely to be rudely shaken, if not rent in twain. Such is my reward for twenty-five

years' management of this parish on the principle of the widest toleration for everybody's views in doctrine, and everybody's practices in morals.

LADY E.

But you say Mrs. Dane convinced you that she was a very ill-used woman.[2]

CANON B.

She did. But then I was very willing to be convinced.

LADY E.

Did you think her *manner* was that of an innocent woman?

CANON B.

So far as I could judge. But, dear Lady Eastney, I am the veriest amateur in dealing with your sex; and so far as your *manner* goes I wouldn't presume to say that any one of you could ever be guilty of anything. Eh, Sir Daniel? [1]

[1] *Rises, crosses to* C.

SIR D.[2]

[2] *Rises, crosses to* C.

I never judge from manner alone. There is the confusion of guilt and the confusion of innocence; the brazen self-confidence of guilt and the serene self-confidence of innocence—I won't pretend I know which is which—except that sometimes a look, a gesture, a word, will give you a peep into the very soul of a man or woman, and you cry at once, "This is certain guilt," or "This is certain innocence."

LADY E.

I wonder if we shall get such a peep to-day?

CANON B.

How?

LADY E.

I've just written to ask Mrs. Dane to come on here and meet Sir Daniel and you and Mrs. Bulsom-Porter.[3]

[3] *Canon turns up* C.

Enter ADAMS [1] *announcing* MR. *and* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER. *Enter* MR. *and* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER. *Exit* ADAMS. *Hand-shakes and how-d'ye-do's exchanged between* LADY EASTNEY *and* MR. *and* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER; CANON BONSEY *and* MR. *and* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER; SIR DANIEL, *and* MR. *and* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER.

[1] L.

LADY E. [*Cordially to* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER.]

Now this is very charming of you.[2] We shall be able to talk this little matter over before Mrs. Dane comes.

[2] *Lady Eastney takes Mrs. Bulsom-Porter's parasol: puts it on sofa* R.; *they sit there. Mr. Bulsom-Porter having shaken hands with Sir Daniel and the Canon, smiles and bows to Lady Eastney, till Mrs. Bulsom-Porter glances at him when his face drops and he becomes serious.*

MRS. BUL.-P.

I didn't understand that Mrs. Dane was to be present. [*Glancing sharply at* BULSOM-PORTER.] Of course Mr. Bulsom-Porter is pleased. He sees nothing objectionable in his wife meeting her.

BUL.-P.

My dear, if you consider Mrs. Dane's company objectionable, pray don't stay. I don't think I shall come to much harm, so I'll risk it.[3]

[3] *Goes* L.

[MRS. BULSOM-PORTER *looks very indignantly at* BULSOM-PORTER.

LADY E. [*Hurriedly.*]

Of course you know that Mrs. Dane denies this story?

MRS. BUL.-P.

Naturally she would. But I'm hourly expecting some very important information.

LADY E.

About Mrs. Dane?

MRS. BUL.-P.

Yes. The messenger is now on his way from town, and I've directed him to be sent over from my house the moment he arrives, if you don't mind.

LADY E.

Certainly not. We only wish to get at the truth.

BUL.-P.

I've heard nothing about this messenger. Who is he?

MRS. BUL.-P.

That's my business for the present. I have taken this affair entirely into my own hands.

BUL.-P.

The last time you took an affair into your own hands you involved me in a law-suit which cost me a thousand pounds.

MRS. BUL.-P.

The hussy was guilty, but she made eyes at the jury. Of course they were men. What could you expect? They gave her damages.

BUL.-P.

[1] *Sits on settee L.*

So would I, if it hadn't been coming out of my own pocket.[1]

MRS. BUL.-P.

On the whole the money was well spent. The matter was thoroughly ventilated, as I intend this shall be.

LADY E.

But, my dear Mrs. Bulsom-Porter, you surely wish to find yourself mistaken in this story?

MRS. BUL.-P.

Of course I should be very pleased to find myself mistaken, but my instincts tell me that I'm not; and my instincts in these cases are invariably right.

LADY E.

But have you nothing better than mere instincts to guide you?

MRS. BUL.-P.

Yes. There is a curious expression on Mrs. Dane's face which exactly corresponds with that of a Miss Spooner—[*glances sternly at* BULSOM-PORTER.[1]] I need not pursue the story.

[1] *He coughs and looks uneasy.*

BUL.-P.

There was no story [*sighs deeply*], I regret to say.

MRS. BUL.-P. [*Very severely.*]

You might have the good taste to leave your flippancies at home. If this woman is guilty, as I am convinced she is, I'm sure Canon Bonsey,[2] as a clergyman, will own that I have rendered a very great service to Sunningwater Society in not allowing the matter to rest.

[2] *Canon comes down* R. C. *Sir Daniel joins Mrs. Bulsom-Porter on settee,* L.

CANON B.

Quite true. Whenever it is necessary that any disagreeable scandal should be stirred up for the good of Society, I'm very much obliged to those dear, good people who will kindly stir it up for me, and save me the trouble. And with regard to the present case, I hope you'll ask Sir Daniel to give you the benefit of his vast legal experience, and then —then it won't be necessary to stir it up any further, will it?[3]

[3] *Turns up* C.

LADY E.

Sir Daniel will be only too pleased to give us his advice. Sir Daniel, why don't you come and help us?

SIR D. [*Rising, coming forward.*]

Help you talk it over? Will you please give me one single fact, one single scrap of evidence to go upon, and I'll then join the fray on one side or the other, as the case may be? Mrs. Bulsom-Porter, didn't I

hear you say that you had a messenger now on his way from town with some important information? Who is he?

MRS. BUL.-P.

I'd rather not say.

SIR D.

Where does he get the information?

MRS. BUL.-P.

He has been over to Vienna on purpose.

SIR D.

That sounds hopeful. What means has he of getting at the truth?

MRS. BUL.-P.

Every means.

SIR D.

Better and better! Surely you might tell us who this omniscient person is?

MRS. BUL.-P.

When I saw that my husband was determined to shelter this woman, and prevent the truth from coming to light, I sent up to town for Mr. Fendick, the private detective——

BUL.-P. [*Startled.*]

What!? [1]

[1] *Rises. Crosses to Mrs. Bulsom-Porler. Sir Daniel goes up to Canon.*

MRS. BUL.-P.

And instructed him to make all inquiries, no matter at what expense.

BUL.-P.

What?! Now please understand I entirely dissociate myself from your action.

MRS. BUL.-P.

It's of no consequence. I can proceed alone.

[2]

Enter LAL.[2]

BUL.-P.

But my dear Henrietta——[1]

LAL.

Mrs. Dane is here. Shall I ask her to come in?[2]

LADY E.

One moment, Lionel.[3]

BUL.-P. [*To* LAL.]

Will you please ask Mrs. Dane if she will spare me a few minutes? I have an explanation to make to her. [*Exit* LIONEL, *left.*

MRS. BUL.-P.[4]

If you have any explanation to make to that lady you will please make it in my presence.

LADY E.

Aren't we getting a little heated? I want to have a few words with Mrs. Dane alone—Ah!—

Enter MRS. DANE.[5] *She is dressed very simply, is very quiet and self-possessed, and is followed by* LIONEL, *who stands at door.*[6] *She bows all round.* SIR DANIEL *and* BULSOM-PORTER *return her bow cordially.*[7]

MRS. D.[8]

I didn't quite understand your note, Lady Eastney, but you see I'm here.

LADY E.[9]

[*Going to her, cordially shaking hands.*] I'm very glad you've come. I wanted a few minutes' talk with you. Won't you sit down?[10] It's fearfully hot indoors. Suppose you all go down to the summer-house and I'll send you some cooling drinks, and come to you in a little while. Canon, will you see that Mrs. Bulsom-Porter is made comfortable?[11]

[1] *Turns away to* L.

[2] *Canon looks off* L. *with anticipation.*

[3] *Rises. Crosses to Lionel who is* L. C. *above settee. Mr. Bulsom-Porter is down stage left. Mrs. Bulsom-Porter is on sofa right. Sir Daniel is right of Canon, who is* R. C.

[4] *Rises, goes to Bulsom-Porter.*

[5] *Left to* C.

[6] *Left.*

[7] *Mrs. Bulsom-Porter goes round settee to up* C.

[8] C.

[9] L. C.

[10] *Mrs. Dane crosses down* R.

[11] *Putting Mrs. Bulsom-Porter's parasol from sofa, preparing it for Canon to open.*

CANON B.

Delighted. [*To* MRS. DANE.] How-d'ye-do, my dear Mrs. Dane?[1] [*Shaking hands.*] Then we'll wait you in the summer-house. [*Going to* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER.] Allow me.

[SIR DANIEL *and* MRS. DANE *are watching each other furtively—he very searchingly, she quiet, self-possessed.* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER *waits a moment to see that her husband does not speak to* MRS. DANE, *then goes off with the* CANON. *Exeunt* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER *and* CANON.[2]

BUL.-P.

[*Confidentially to* SIR DANIEL, *who is quietly watching* MRS. DANE. *In a quiet voice.*] I say [*draws him aside*], how am I to stop my wife from dragging me into another confounded lawsuit?

SIR D.

Ah! Come and talk it over.

[*Exeunt* SIR DANIEL *and* BULSOM-PORTER,[3] SIR DANIEL *turning to glance slightly at* MRS. DANE *as he goes off.*[4]

LADY E.

Lionel, will you find Adams and ask him to take tea and iced drinks to the summer-house?

[LAL *shakes hands with* LADY EASTNEY *in thankfulness for her consideration for* MRS. DANE *and goes off.*[5]

LADY E.[6]

Now my dear Mrs. Dane you know that I am your friend and Lionel's friend.

MRS. D.

Yes.

[1] *Coming down to sofa shaking hands with Mrs. Dane, turning to Lady Eastney who gives him the parasol; he goes up and looks to Mrs. Bulsom-Porter who joins him.*

[2] *At window right. The Canon turns and smiles at Mrs. Dane.*

[3] R.

[4] *Lionel comes from down left.*

[5] *At window* R.

[6] *Motions Mrs. Dane to sit on sofa* R— *they both sit.*

LADY E.

3rd Call.

Fendick. Photo of lady in envelope.

And between ourselves I hate Mrs. Bulsom-Porter with the most ungodly, unchristian hatred. I'm only waiting for some tolerable excuse to get everybody in Sunningwater to cut her. Lionel has told you what she says of you?

MRS. D.

He says that she is spreading some story about my being a Miss Hindemarsh. What is the use of taking any notice of such a tale?

LADY E.

You must take notice of it.

MRS. D.

I have denied it.

LADY E.

You must do more than that. Lionel is waiting to make you his wife——

MRS. D.

If he doesn't believe me I do not wish to bind him. [*Triumphantly.*] But he does believe me.

LADY E.

Yes, but Sir Daniel——

MRS. D.

If Sir Daniel doesn't believe me what happiness can there be for me if I marry Mr. Carteret?

LADY E.

Then you mean to give him up? Is that right? Is it wise? Is it kind to Lionel? Then there are your other friends; we are all waiting, to give this woman the lie and show her the door. If you don't defend yourself what are we to think?

MRS. D.

You think I am an impostor.

LADY E.

No. I said to Sir Daniel a few minutes ago that I should have acted throughout as you have done——

MRS. D. [*Very gratefully.*]

Thank you! Thank you!

LADY E.

Up to the present moment. There is a point at which it is prudent to neglect slander—if it's false. There is a point at which it is imprudent, impossible to neglect slander—unless it is true. You have reached that point. This story is being repeated everywhere. Why won't you trust yourself to Sir Daniel?

MRS. D.

What does Sir Daniel propose to do?

LADY E.

To hear the story of your life, obtain the evidence for it, and then get Mrs. Bulsom-Porter to make you an ample apology.

MRS. D. [*Cunningly.*]

I suppose Sir Daniel has no doubt he would be able to prove my story?

LADY E.

My dear Mrs. Dane, the cleverest lawyer of our generation! And he is only waiting one word from you to undertake your defence. If you refuse, what inference will everybody draw?

Enter LAL *hastily.*[1]

LAL.

Lady Eastney, what do you suppose Mrs. Bulsom-Porter has done? She has gone to Fendick, the private detective. [*A spasm of fright passes over*

MRS. DANE'S *face, which is hidden from them.*] Did you know of it?

LADY E.

She said she was expecting some information this afternoon. I've told Mrs. Dane that she must meet this slander.

[MRS. DANE *has recovered from her fright and regained her self-assurance. After a moment's deliberation she takes an opened telegram from her pocket and gives it to* LADY EASTNEY.

MRS. D. [*Very quietly.*]

Read that, Lady Eastney.[1]

[1] *Mrs. L. takes the telegram out of the envelope; it is in 2 sheets.*

LADY E. [*Taking telegram.*]

From whom?

MRS. D.

From Mr. Risby.

LADY E.

[*Takes telegram from envelope—it is on two sheets; reads.*] "Lady Eastney writes me that Mrs. Bulsom-Porter repeats some absurd story about you. Am writing Lady Eastney this post that I was quite mistaken in recognizing you. If any further trouble, let me know and will immediately set matter right. James Risby, Schweizerhof, Lucerne." When did you get this?

MRS. D.

Yesterday.

LADY E.

But this explains everything.[2] Why didn't you show it us at once? [*Rings bell.*[3]

[2] *Rises.*

[3] *Above window* R.

MRS. D.

Why should I?[4] You forget that you and all Sunningwater are very much concerned to know

[4] *Rises. Crosses to* L.

whether I'm this Miss Somebody. I have told you that I'm not, and you don't believe me. Why should I trouble any further?

[1] L. *Enter* ADAMS.[1]

LADY E.

Is the afternoon post in, Adams?

ADAMS.

Not yet, my lady.

LADY E.

Bring my letters to me the moment they arrive.

ADAMS.

[2] *Left, leaving door open.* Yes, my lady. [*Exit.*[2]

LAL.

The thing is quite clear. Risby has made a mistake. May I show that telegram to my father?

MRS. D.

No. Let Mrs. Bulsom-Porter repeat her slanders, and pay her detectives to repeat them. I shall not take the least notice of her.

LADY E.

You must! You owe it to Lionel to prove this story false. Let me show this telegram to Sir Daniel?

MRS. D. [*After a pause.*]

Very well. As you please.

LADY E.

We will very soon settle Mrs. Bulsom-Porter.

[3] *At window* R. *with telegram.* [*Exit.*[3]

LAL. [*Lingering.*]

My father has been asking for evidence. Now he has got it.

MRS. D.

Yes. But suppose Sir Daniel cannot prove my

innocence, suppose this story is still believed and we are parted after all,[1] you will remember that I shall love you till my last breath, with all the love of my heart, with all that is best and truest in me?

[1] *Goes to Lal, puts her hand on his shoulder.*

LAL.

Yes, but we shan't be parted. Come and tell my father everything.[2]

[2] *Taking her hands.*

MRS. D.

That woman is there. I hate scenes of any kind.

LAL.

Then I'll bring him to you.[3]

[3] *Kisses her hand.*

[*She shows him a radiant, smiling face. He runs off.*[4] *The moment he has gone she utters a sharp cry, followed by a long groan of despair, sits down on sofa*[5] *with a white, drawn, haggard face, wringing her hands, staring in front of her.—A pause. The door opening into drawing-room, has been left open. Voices heard off.*[6]

[4] *At window right.*

[5] R.

[6] L.

ADAMS.

What name did you say?

FENDICK.

FENDICK. [*Voice heard off.*]

ADAMS.

You say Mrs. Bulsom-Porter does expect you?

FENDICK.

Yes. She left word at home I was to come on here to her.

ADAMS.

I'll let her know you're here.

Enter ADAMS,[7] *he crosses the room and goes off at window.*[8] MRS. DANE *creeps up to door,*[9] *looks*

[7] L.

[8] R.

[9] L.

[1] L.

through it, utters a little cry of alarm, and comes away. Enter FENDICK,[1] *an ordinary-looking, middle-class man about forty, clean shaven.*

FENDICK.

I beg pardon—[*Stops, seeing her.*] Oh!

MRS. D.

Fendick! You, Fendick! You gave me some other name. Why did you come to my house a fortnight ago?

FENDICK.

Well, you see, the fact is, I wanted to get a photograph of you in the way of business, and so I adopted the slight ruse of saying I was taking photographic views of the neighbourhood, and I asked you to give me an opportunity of taking a view from your garden.

MRS. D.

Did you get a photograph of me?

FENDICK.

My partner took two whilst I was chatting with you and taking off your attention. [*She shows great fright.*] I know it was rather shabby, but my profession has its shabby side.

MRS. D.

What use have you made of the photograph?

FENDICK.

[2] *She makes an appealing gesture to him.*

Well, of course that's my business.[2] There! [*Looks all round.*] You treated me very well that day—if it's any use to you to know, I've been over to Vienna for Mrs. Bulsom-Porter, and after a good deal of trouble I found a man over there that remembers Miss Hindemarsh, and can recognize her if necessary. I mustn't say any more.[3]

[3] *Moves a little down left.*

MRS. D.

Yes! You're a detective. I'll employ you. Name your own sum. I'll give you double, treble, ten times what she gives. You'll find some one that knows that I'm not this Miss Hindemarsh—not the least like her?

FENDICK.

No, ma'am, I can't. Thank you all the same.

MRS. D.

[*Getting more frantic.*] Yes! Yes! You must! I say you must! Don't ruin me! This man in Vienna? He doesn't know who and where I am now?

FENDICK.

Not unless I bring him over.

MRS. D.

But you won't! He won't recognize me. You've been to Vienna.[1] Listen! Please understand from this time I employ you, and you shall be handsomely paid. There's nobody who recognizes me. I'm not in the least like that lady. You understand?

[1] *Putting her hands on his shoulder.*

FENDICK.

I can't do it. I can't, indeed. It might be found out.

MRS. D.

It shan't be. How can it? Oh, how can I move you? I'll give you every farthing I have. Don't betray me! Don't betray me! It's everything to me —my happiness, my life, my all. Oh, don't ruin me! Hush! [*She looks off at window, points him off,*[2] *whispering as he goes off.*] You won't betray me?

[2] L.

[*She comes back, with an immense effort regains her self-possession, takes a novel,*[3] *and sits on sofa.*

[3] *From table up C.*

Enter LAL,[1] *followed by* ADAMS, *who crosses and goes off into drawing-room.*[2]

LAL.

My father's coming. I made him promise to take up your case and fight it through.

MRS. D.

How kind of him.

ADAMS.

[*Heard off.*[3] MRS. DANE *listens, with great apprehension.*] Mrs. Bulsom-Porter will be here in a minute if you will wait.

Enter SIR DANIEL *and* LADY EASTNEY.[4]

LADY E.

Here is your champion.[5] Tell him everything.

SIR D.

If I can be of any service I shall be delighted.

ADAMS *re-enters*[6] *and brings letter on tray to* LADY EASTNEY. *She takes it, reads it. Exit* ADAMS,[7] *closing the door after him.*

MRS. D.

[*To* SIR DANIEL.] When I heard this story was being circulated I thought it would be better to take no notice and let it die a natural death. Don't you think I was wise?

SIR D.

Very wise, if it had died a natural death. But you see it hasn't. So suppose we set to work and crush the life out of it, shall we?

MRS. D.

Shan't I be trespassing upon you? Won't it be wasting your valuable time?[8]

[1] R.
[2] L. *leaving door open.*
[3] L.
[4] R. *Sir Daniel goes down to settee left. Lal is* L. C. *above settee.*
[5] *She rises and goes from higher seat of settee to below settee.*
[6] L.
[7] L.
[8] *Sits* L.

SIR D.

I've no hobby but my profession, so it won't be a waste of time to spend a few hours in my long vacation to free you from an unjust suspicion. [LAL *comes up to them.*] [1] I said I had no hobby but my profession. That isn't true. This young fellow [*taking* LAL's *arm affectionately*] is another very dear hobby of mine. You, too, are concerned for his happiness?

[*Watching her very closely.*

[1] *Lal on Sir Daniel's right.*

MRS. D.

Yes, indeed.

SIR D.

[*Watching her keenly.*] And therefore you wish me to sift this affair thoroughly? [*She is going to speak.*] Knowing that the happiness of his whole life is staked on the result?

MRS. D.

I only wish for his happiness—not my own. Do just as you please.

SIR D.

Then you place yourself entirely in my hands?

MRS. D.

Yes; most willingly. How can I thank you?

SIR D.

Wait till I deserve your thanks.

LADY E.

[*Has been reading the letter.*] Really the whole affair is too absurdly simple.

Enter MRS. BULSOM-PORTER *at window, followed by* BULSOM-PORTER *and* CANON BONSEY.

MRS. BUL.-P.

Lady Eastney, there's a man waiting to see me. Will you allow me?

LADY E.

Certainly. I believe he is in the next room, but [*stopping her*] I think you should hear this letter first. It is from your nephew, Mr. Risby.[1] "Dear Lady Eastney, I have received your letter. It is quite true that at the first glance I thought I recognized in Mrs. Dane a lady whom I had previously met, and I casually mentioned the fact to my aunt, Mrs. Bulsom-Porter. But on seeing Mrs. Dane a second time, I discovered my mistake, and I told Mrs. Bulsom-Porter of my error. Will you express my sincere regrets to Mrs. Dane, and will you assure anyone who may revive the story that it is utterly false." What more do we want? [*Hands the letter to* SIR DANIEL, *who reads it carefully.*[2] LADY EASTNEY *then turns to* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER.] Surely that is enough, and you will be only too glad to own to Mrs. Dane that you're mistaken.[3]

[1] *Lal is sitting on back of settee* L. *Mrs. Dane in front of it. Lady Eastney and Sir Daniel are standing* C. *Sir Daniel to the left of Lady Eastney. Mr Bulsom-Porter is up* R. C. *Mrs. Bulsom-Porter is down* R. C. *a little to the* R. *Canon is above sofa* R.

[2] *Everyone except Mrs. Bulsom-Porter appears to be pleased at contents of letter.*

[3] *Turns up to the Canon.*

MRS. BUL.-P.

[*A little taken aback.*] I don't know. I should like to hear what Fendick has to say.

SIR D.

[*Suddenly, as if struck with an idea.*] One moment.[4] Mrs. Dane has already placed herself in my hands. Mrs. Bulsom-Porter, may I offer you my services?

[4] *Crosses to Mrs. Bulsom-Porter.*

MRS. BUL.-P.

For what purpose?

SIR D.

To get at the truth. You have circulated a story which from this letter seems to be quite false. Your husband has asked me to use my influence to prevent the very disagreeable consequences which are likely to follow. Will you allow me to call in Mr. Fendick and ask him a few questions?

MRS. BUL.-P.

Well, I—

BUL.-P.

Yes, if you please, Sir Daniel. I shall be guided entirely by you.[1]

SIR D.

Lady Eastney, you will permit me. [LADY EASTNEY *nods assent.* SIR DANIEL *goes to door, left, and calls.*] Mr. Fendick!

FENDICK *enters.*[2]

SIR D.[3]

[*To* FENDICK.] You've been to Vienna lately?

FENDICK.

Yes, sir.

SIR D.

To ask certain questions about a lady who formerly lived there, a Miss Hindemarsh?

FENDICK.

Yes, sir.

SIR D.

What are the results of your inquiries?

FENDICK.

Well, sir, I'm not at liberty to say as you're not employing me.

SIR D.

Mrs. Bulsom-Porter wishes you to speak.

MRS. BUL.-P.

Will you please tell us all that you've found out in Vienna?

FENDICK.

In respect of what, ma'am?

[1] *Gives Mrs. Bulsom-Porter a triumphant nod, goes and joins Canon and Lady Eastney up* R. C. *Mrs. Bulsom-Porter sits on sofa* R.

[2] L. *comes towards* C.

[3] *Going a little* R.

SIR D.[1]

Perhaps I'd better put a direct question. Is Miss Hindemarsh identical with a lady who is now living in this neighbourhood?

FENDICK.

This neighbourhood?

SIR D.

Is Miss Hindemarsh identical with a lady who is now in this room?[2] [*Turning to* MRS. DANE.] Is this lady Miss Hindemarsh?[3]

FENDICK.

No, sir.

SIR D.

[*Very searchingly.*] You're quite sure?

FENDICK.

Quite sure, sir.

SIR D.

You have trustworthy evidence that she is not Miss Hindemarsh?

FENDICK.

Yes, sir.

SIR D.

What evidence have you?

FENDICK.

[*Producing photograph.*[4]]. I took this portrait of Mrs. Dane over to Vienna [*giving photograph to* SIR DANIEL], and the parties over there that remember Miss Hindemarsh, say distinctly that this isn't the lady.

SIR D.

She doesn't resemble Miss Hindemarsh?

FENDICK.

No, sir. Not in the least like her.

[1] *Crossing to* C.

[2] *Fendick avoids looking at Mrs. Dane and looks toward Lady Eastney.*

[3] *Fendick moves down a step or two towards Mrs. Dane, looks at her, is evidently undecided.*

[4] *Of Mrs. Dane.*

SIR D.

Thank you. We shall want fuller information, but that will do for the present. [*Exit* FENDICK.[1] *To* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER.] I'm afraid you've committed yourself very deeply. On Mrs. Dane's behalf I shall have to insist that you withdraw this story without the least reserve.

[1] L.

MRS. BUL.-P.

In what way?

SIR D.

May I suggest a form? If you will allow me I will draw it out and you can sign it before leaving the room. [SIR DANIEL *sits down to write.*[2]

[2] *At table.*

CANON B.

[*Coming up to* MRS. DANE.] I congratulate you. [*Shaking hands, looking round.*] I think we are all to be congratulated. You upon the pleasant termination to this very unpleasant affair; myself upon the restoration of peace to this idyllic neighbourhood; and Mrs. Bulsom-Porter for having stirred up this matter so vigorously, and to an issue which, I am sure, must be as gratifying to her as it was evidently unexpected. [*Smiling on* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER.[3]]

[3] *Goes up to Lady Eastney who is up stage* R. C.

BUL.-P.

I hope Mrs. Dane will allow me to offer her my sincere regrets.[4] [*To* MRS. DANE.

[4] *Crosses down to Mrs. Dane.*

MRS. D.

Thank you. I was so sorry that I was not at home the other day when you called.[5] You will forgive me for not answering your note?

[5] *Mrs. Bulsom-Porter looks sternly at Bulsom-Porter who becomes uneasy.*

MRS. BUL.-P.[6]

[6] *Rises.*

[*To* BULSOM-PORTER.] Your note? You've been making calls and leaving notes on——

BUL.-P.[1]

For heaven's sake keep your hysterics till you get home.[2]

SIR D.

[*Having written, comes to* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER.] Will you kindly read it over and sign it?

MRS. BUL.-P.

[*Glancing at note.*] But this is a public apology!

SIR D.

Curtain warning.

I have made it as agreeable as I could.

MRS. BUL.-P.

A public apology! [*Again looks at it.*] No. I'm quite sure from my nephew's manner that he was concealing something. I shall not apologize or withdraw anything until I've made further inquiries. [*She is about to tear up the paper.*

SIR D.

[*Stops her very quietly.*] Pardon me. Don't tear that. [*To* LADY EASTNEY.] Where is Mr. Risby now?

LADY E.

At the Schweizerhof, Lucerne.

SIR D.

To-day is Saturday. We can get him back next week. [*To* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER.] You have slandered an innocent lady without the least justification. Take that paper home, think the matter over, and—will you accept a piece of advice from an old lawyer—gratis—let me have it signed and witnessed by next Saturday.[3] The alternative will be very troublesome, very humiliating to you, and terribly expensive—to your husband. [*Gesture of despair from* BULSOM-PORTER.] Take it home. Let me have it signed and witnessed by next Saturday.

[1] *Comes over to her.*

[2] *Goes up* L. C. *Mrs. Bulsom-Porter sits on sofa* R.

[3] *Mrs. B.-Porter comes down on the* L. *of Sir Daniel. Lady Eastney rings the bell.*

MRS. D.

How good of you!

[LADY EASTNEY *has rung the bell.* ADAMS *enters.*[1]

LADY E.

The door, Adams.

[MRS. BULSOM-PORTER *much ruffled, rises and goes off*[2] *giving* MRS. DANE *an indignant look as she passes.* MR. BULSOM-PORTER *follows his wife off.*

CURTAIN.

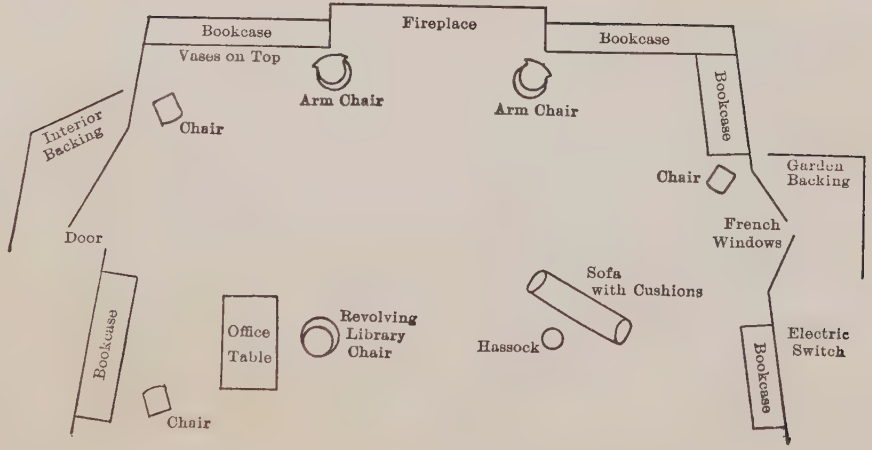
Four days pass between Acts II. and III.

(ACT PLAYS 28 MINUTES.)

[1] *Left.*

[2] *Left. She rises with an effort, is evidently much upset: she summons her courage, and crosses from sofa* R. *to door left, with an assumption of offended dignity, giving Mrs. Dane an indignant look as she passes.*

MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE
ACTS 3 AND 4



ACT III.

SCENE. LIBRARY *at* SIR DANIEL CARTERET'S, *Sunningwater. A cosy room in a modern Queen Anne red-brick house. At the back is a fireplace with a looking-glass in the overmantel. On the right a door leading into a passage. On the left windows opening upon a garden. A large flat-topped writing-table down stage on the right side. A sofa down stage left. Bookshelves all round the room.*

Lights. Everything full up. White lengths each side of fireplace. Amber Arc at window L. *Bunch light at door* R.

TIME. *The following Wednesday afternoon. Discover* SIR DANIEL, *looking in the glass on bookcase* L., *arranging a flower in his buttonhole, regarding himself critically.*

1st Call.

Enter WILSON[1] *announcing* LADY EASTNEY.

Sir Daniel. Wilson. Lionel. Lady Eastney. Janet.

[1] R.

Enter LADY EASTNEY. *Exit* WILSON.

LADY E.[2] [*Shaking hands.*]

[2] *Sir Daniel comes* C., *meets her.*

You're busy?

SIR D.

Yes; trying to persuade myself I am forty—solely on your account.

LADY E.

That's not necessary. I like you well enough as you are.

SIR D.

[*Tenderly.*] Give me the best proof of that.

LADY E.

I have. I'm here a quarter of an hour before my time.

SIR D.

You couldn't be that in my house.

[1] *Crossing to L.*

LADY E.[1]

How are matters going with Mrs. Dane?

SIR D.

Splendidly. [*Going up to writing-table; taking up two sheets of foolscap, closely written over in a lady's hand.*] She has given me a detailed history of her whole life. She accounts for every moment from her childhood.

LADY E.

Has Mr. Fendick sent his evidence?

SIR D.

Yes, it came this morning. That's quite satisfactory too . [*Taking up another paper from table.*

LADY E.

And Mr. Risby?

[2] *Going towards her.*

SIR D.[2]

He's coming specially from Lucerne to put matters right. I expect him almost every moment, and Fendick is also running down from town for a little conference, so to-night I shall have all the threads of the case in my hands, and then——

LADY E.

Then?

SIR D.

[3] *Goes to table R.*

Then I shall be able to talk to Mrs. Bulsom Porter.[3]

LADY E.

I'm delighted. The whole neighbourhood is still in a perfect fever over the affair. Nothing else is talked about.

SIR D.

I wish there wasn't quite so much gossip about it.

LADY E.

My dear Sir Daniel, we live in a residential neighbourhood in a wicked world, and what possible occupation is there for us poor women except to discuss scandal, or—to create it? The duchess was there. She's going to make an important call on you this afternoon.

2nd Call.

SIR D.

Why?

Mrs. Dane. Risby. Fendick. Documents in long blue envelopes.

LADY E.

She's very much interested in Mrs. Dane's affair, and wants to know all about it. We shall find the duchess a useful ally.

SIR D.

[*Handling the foolscap.*] We shall need no ally, except the truth.

LADY E.

[*Smiling.*] Won't you? The truth is all very well, Sir Daniel, but if I had to live down a scandal, I'd rather have a duchess on my side.

LAL *enters at window.*

LAL.[1]

[1] C.

How d'ye do, Lady Eastney?

LADY E.[2]

[2] L. C.

How d'ye do? [*Shaking hands.*

LAL.

Risby hasn't turned up yet?

SIR D.[3]

[3] R. C.

[*Taking out watch.*] No, I expect him very soon. You haven't brought Mrs. Dane?

LAL.

No. She has thought of some more particulars of her history, and is writing them out for you.

SIR D.

Go back and tell her not to trouble any further, and ask her to be here to meet Risby in [*taking out watch*] ten minutes.

LAL.

All right. Lady Eastney, I can't thank you enough.

LADY E.

What for?

LAL.

For helping us to beat down these horrible lies.

LADY E.

My dear Lal, I feel very strongly about it, and I shan't rest till I've worked the whole neighbourhood into a frenzy of virtuous sympathy for Mrs. Dane, and a frenzy of virtuous indignation against Mrs. Bulsom-Porter. Give my love to Mrs. Dane, and tell her that, will you?

LAL.

God bless you! Then I'll go and fetch Lucy, sir?

SIR D.

[*Has been studying* MRS. DANE'S *foolscap paper.*] Yes. Bring her at once.

[*Exit* LAL *at window with a bright look of gratitude to* LADY EASTNEY.

[1] *After looking off after Lal, comes towards Sir Daniel*

LADY E.[1]

You're quite reconciled to their engagement?

SIR D.

Yes. I find I'm beginning to like her very much. I think the boy will be happy with her!

[2] *Glancing at him from under her eyes.*

LADY E.

You seem to take a greater interest in Lionel's love-affairs[2] than you do in your own.

SIR D.

Ah no! You shouldn't say that. But you have discouraged me so often——

LADY E.

I, discouraged you? Why I've encouraged you to propose to me I don't know how many times.[1]

[1] *Comes down left.*

SIR D.

Give me a little encouragement now.

LADY E.[2]

[2] *Sits on sofa. He comes to her, stands over her.*

I am a woman. I am twenty-eight. My first essay in marriage was not a conspicuous success. On the other hand, it was not a disastrous failure. Altogether I'm quite willing to make a fresh experiment. But, on the other hand, I'm quite happy in my present state. It has very great advantages. I shall need a very great deal of wooing before I am induced to change it. Indeed, on second thoughts why should I change it at all?

SIR D.

I wouldn't have you change it, except for a happier one.

LADY E.

I won't, if I can help it. But there's the rub. I like you very much, but, honestly, I don't love you. At least [*Looking him up and down critically.*] I don't think I do.[3] But there again, I'm open to persuasion.

[3] *Glancing at him from under her eyes.*

SIR D.

Give me the benefit of the doubt.

LADY E.

I will—and say "No."

SIR D.

"No?!"

LADY E.

If I say "Yes" how can I be sure that Mr. Somebody else won't come along and make me sorry all my life that I didn't say "No."

SIR D.

Is Mr. Somebody else likely to come?

LADY E.

How can I tell? He's always hanging about just round the corner, and if I married you, and you neglected me, or were unkind, I'm sure he'd turn up, and I do believe I should listen to the wretch, and then—heigho!

SIR D.

Be my wife and if Mr. Somebody else ever wins a word, or a look, or a thought from you, I'll own it's my fault and I'll forgive him and you too.

LADY E.

[*Looks up at him.*] You know I shall end by accepting you.

SIR D.

I'm sure you will.

LADY E.

Then I'm sure I won't. At least not until——

SIR D.

Not until when?

LADY E.

Not until I've made up my mind. I want to be persuaded, I want to be wooed. I want you to see in me a thousand more perfections than ever a woman had, and value me a thousand times more than ever a woman was valued.

SIR D.

I couldn't value you more than I do.

LADY E.

[*Shakes her head and smiles.*] It won't do! It won't do! With every wish in the world to oblige you, I really cannot sell my liberty at your present quotations.

[*Enter* WILSON[1] *announcing* MISS COLQUHOUN. *Enter* JANET. *Exit* WILSON.

[1] R.

JANET.

How d'ye do, Sir Daniel?

SIR D.

[*Shakes hands.*] How are you, dear?[2]

[2] *Turns up C. Janet crosses to Lady Eastney.*

JANET.

Auntie, Mrs. Patterson has just come over to see you about her mission to the Indian women. Can you spare her just a few minutes?

LADY E.

A few minutes? My dear child, Mrs. Patterson is a woman with a mission, and it takes years to persuade people out of that folly.

Enter LAL *at window.*

LAL.

I've brought Lucy, sir. She's here—[*stops, seeing* JANET.]

JANET.

Auntie, you will let Mrs. Patterson take me away from England?

LADY E.[3]

[3] *Rises. Crosses to Janet.*

I'll come and talk it over with her, dear. [*Puts* JANET *off at door,*[4] *which has been left open. To* SIR DANIEL.] I'll come back by-and-by to see how everything goes with Mrs. Dane.

[4] R.

[1] R.

Exit LADY EASTNEY.[1] *He closes the door after her, and goes up to writing-table, takes up* MRS. DANE'S *and* FENDICK'S *notes. Enter* MRS. DANE *and* LAL *at window. She has a large blue envelope in her hand, partly written over.*

[2] C.

MRS. D.[2]

How d'ye do, Sir Daniel?

[3] R. C. *Lal comes down by sofa* L. C.

SIR D.[3]

[*Shaking hands very cordially.*] How d'ye do?

MRS. D.

Have you read my statement?

SIR D.

Every word. I congratulate you.

MRS. D.

On what?

SIR D.

On having told a perfectly plain, straightforward story, in a perfectly plain straightforward way.

MRS. D.

I only put down what I knew and felt, just as it came to me. I've jotted down a few more notes.

[*Taking out of the envelope another sheet of foolscap, which is partly written over.*

SIR D.

[*Taking sheet.*] You've already given me all I want.

MRS. D.

Tell me what else I can do?

SIR D.

[*Takes her hands, very quietly and tenderly.*] Leave yourself in my hands, and await the result with perfect confidence.

Enter WILSON,[1] *announcing* MR. RISBY. *Enter* RISBY.[2] *Exit* WILSON.

MRS. D.

[*Rather quickly and eagerly.*] Oh, Mr. Risby, how d'ye do?

[RISBY *is a little taken aback; she gives him a significant glance and he returns her greeting very cordially.*

RISBY.

Ah, my dear Mrs. Dane! [*Shakes hands very cordially with her, then goes to* SIR DANIEL.] Sir Daniel! [*Shakes hands with* SIR DANIEL.

SIR D.[3]

How are you?

RISBY.

Lionel! [*Shaking hands with* LIONEL.

LAL.

How d'ye do?

RISBY.

[*To* SIR DANIEL.] You got my wire?

SIR D.

Yes, I'm really sorry to drag you half across Europe——

RISBY.

Half across Europe? Mrs. Dane may be quite sure that I would willingly be dragged half across the celestial spaces, if I can only repair my absurd mistake. [*Glancing at* LIONEL.] I suppose I may speak quite freely——

SIR D.

Oh, yes. Lionel is to marry Mrs. Dane when we have cleared this up.

[1] R.

[2] R. *Gives his hat and gloves to Wilson who puts them on armchair up* R. C.—*then exit Wilson* R.

[3] *Sir Daniel shakes hands with Risby, then goes to table below chair. Risby goes to sofa* R. *of Lal who is in front of sofa down stage. Mrs. Dane is a little to the left of* C.

RISBY.

Indeed! [*Goes to* LAL.] My congratulations—and to Mrs. Dane. That makes it all the more necessary that I should put matters right. Now tell me what can I do?

SIR D.

You told Mrs. Bulsom-Porter that Mrs. Dane was in reality Miss Felicia Hindemarsh?

RISBY.

Yes. I was misled by a certain general resemblance on seeing Mrs. Dane at some distance. When I got quite close to her I saw that I had made a horrible blunder.

SIR D.

Of course you withdraw the statement?

RISBY.

Utterly and entirely, with a thousand apologies.

SIR D.

And suppose we have to bring the matter into court?

[MRS. DANE *watches* RISBY *anxiously.*

RISBY.

Will that be necessary?

SIR D.

I hope not. I think not. But we must be prepared. We should need your evidence.

RISBY.

Of course—if I'm in England. But I expect to make a very extended tour, and might be absent for a year or two.

SIR D.

Then we must take your evidence before you start.

RISBY.

Certainly. But you'll keep it out of court, won't you?

SIR D.

I shall do my best. But we shall want you to say that this lady is not Felicia Hindemarsh, whom you knew in Vienna.

RISBY.

By all means. But before I leave Sunningwater I'll go over to auntie and try again to drive that fact into her comprehension.[1]

[1] *Goes up to his hat and gloves on the armchair* R. *of fireplace Mrs. Dane comes down to Lal* L. C.

SIR D.

That might help us.

RISBY.

I'll go at once. [*Takes up his hat.*

Enter WILSON.[2]

[2] R.

WILSON.

Her Grace has called, Sir Daniel. I've shown her into the drawing-room.

SIR D.[3]

[3] *Comes* C. *Risby has come down* R. C. *from armchair.*

Very well, Wilson. Tell her Grace I'll be there in a moment. [*Exit* WILSON.

RISBY.

Is there anything further that you wish to know?

SIR D.

I think not. When do you leave England?

RISBY.

In a day or two—as soon as I can get away.

SIR D.

I've given Mrs. Bulsom-Porter till Saturday to choose between a lawsuit and an apology. Can you stay till after then?

RISBY.

Certainly. I'll hold myself at your disposal till Monday night. The Senior Varsity will find me till then.

SIR D.

Very well.

RISBY.

Good-bye, if all goes well and I don't see you again.

SIR D.

Good-bye. [*Shakes hands with* RISBY—*turns to* MRS. DANE.] You'll wait here, won't you? I expect Fendick every moment. I must go and get rid of this bothering old woman——

MRS. D.

I understand she has come to make inquiries about me?[1]

[1] *Takes off her hat.*

SIR D.

Yes, I believe. I shall be able to set her mind at rest. [*Exit, right.*

MRS. D.

[*To* RISBY.] It was so good of you to come and help us——

RISBY.

Surely I could do no less.

MRS. D.

Thank you so much. [*Suddenly.*] Lionel——

LAL.

Yes?

MRS. D.

I've left my keys in my escritoire. And it's open. There are some letters of yours—I wouldn't like them to be read. Would you mind running across and locking it, and bringing me the keys?

LAL.

Yes, if you wish. I shall see you again, Risby?[1]

[1] *Mrs. Dane puts her hat on chair above window.*

RISBY.

Yes, I daresay.

[*Exit* LIONEL *at window. They both watch him off. She then turns to* RISBY *in a burst of gratitude, wrings his hands.*

MRS. D.

Thank you, with all my heart!

RISBY.

Hush! Take care! [*Looks round warningly.*

MRS. D.

Sir Daniel seems to be quite satisfied——

RISBY.

Yes, I think I've pulled you through so far, but I've gone as far as it's safe to go—perhaps farther. but [*very emphatically*] whatever you do, you must keep Sir Daniel from bringing it into court.

MRS. D.

You think everything would come out?

RISBY.

I fear so. This history of your life that you've given to Sir Daniel?

MRS. D.

Yes?

RISBY.

He has read it?

MRS. D.

Yes, and he's quite satisfied. He says it's perfectly plain and straightforward. Naturally it would be, as I knew Lucy's life almost as well as I know my own.

RISBY.

And she was really Mrs. Dane?

MRS. D.

Yes; when she died I took her name and became her.

RISBY.

And you think you can carry it out to the end?

MRS. D.

Yes; I think I can now I've begun. I must! I must! Why do you look at me like that? You think I'm a horrid creature[1]—you despise me?

[1] Risby makes a movement of expostulation.

RISBY.

No, no——

MRS. D.

Yes, you do, I can see you do! Don't you think I despise myself? Do you think I'd do all this, if I could help myself, if there were any other way out of it? But I don't want you to despise me——

RISBY.

Believe me, I am only sorry, deeply sorry for you. May I say one word—Lionel?

MRS. D.

Well?[2]

[2] Turns her head away, ashamed.

RISBY.

Don't you think it would be better to tell him—safer?

MRS. D.

I can't now. He loves me and believes in me.

RISBY.

Good-bye. [*Offers hand.*

3rd Call. Sir Daniel.

MRS. D.

[*Again seizes his hand—wrings it with gratitude.*] Thanks! Thanks! This has shown me how good and true a friend a man can be to a woman!

RISBY.

[*Retaining her hand.*] I've been awfully puzzled what to do. When I called on you this morning I came to tell you to face the worst, that it would be impossible for me to hide the truth from Sir Daniel——

MRS. D.

But you did!

RISBY.

Yes. I'm not a very soft-hearted chap, but when I saw that tear, I felt I couldn't round on you. I hope I've played the game fairly.

MRS. D.

Fairly? Most generously, to me.

RISBY.

And I hope not unfairly to Lionel.

MRS. D.

I'll make him the best and truest wife that ever lived. You believe that?

RISBY.

Yes, I believe you will. Good-bye. [*Kisses her hand, drops it, looks at her.*] After all, it isn't always the good women who are the best for us rascals.[1]

Enter WILSON,[2] *showing in* FENDICK. MRS. DANE *shows very slight confusion, and a look is exchanged between her and* FENDICK, *which* RISBY *notices.*

WILSON.

Sir Daniel is engaged for a minute, but he told me to tell you to wait.

FENDICK.

All right. "No hurry," tell Sir Daniel.

[*Exit* WILSON.[3]

[1] *Kisses her hand. She moves away ashamed to* L.

[2] R.

[3] R.

RISBY.

Good-bye.

[1] R. [*she shakes his hand warmly. Exit* RISBY.[1]

MRS. D.

[2] *Crossing to table* R. C. Good morning.[2]

FENDICK.

[3] *Comes down* C. Good morning.[3]

MRS. D.

Anything new since I saw you last night?

FENDICK.

[4] *Comes to her with a look of caution.* No.[4] You're sure you can pull this cousin business off? Got all your dates and facts at your finger's ends?

MRS. D.

Yes. We lived together all our lives except when I was a governess.

FENDICK.

[5] *He speaks very confidentially. She listens with great attention and apprehension.* That's the time as you've got to be careful about.[5] As I told you last night, I rummaged about pretty well amongst the yokels at Tawhampton, and so far as I can gather I don't think there's the requisite intelligence in Tawhampton to say that you aren't Lucy Allen. Especially as there was a likeness be- you and your cousin.

MRS. D.

Yes; we were the same height, and the same complexion.

FENDICK.

Then you went as pupil teacher to Eastbourne?

MRS. D.

Yes.

FENDICK.

Ware off Eastbourne. The old dowager at the school would spot you at once. And I've got to mind my p's and q's about the concierge at Vienna——

MRS. D.

But you say there isn't a concierge.

FENDICK.

I fancy I can lay my hands on an old Italian friend, who'll pass at a pinch. But I tell you this, if I get out of this business with clean boots I'll take good care I don't land myself in a dirty mess like this a second time.

MRS. D.[1]

[1] *Crossing to* L. C.

I'm sorry you should call it that. You know that I'm quite willing you should make any charge——

FENDICK.

It isn't the money. If I'd known what I was letting myself in for I wouldn't have done it for a thousand pounds. But you worked on my feelings, so that before I knew what I was saying I'd said you weren't the woman, and being a bit short-sighted I didn't recognize Sir Daniel in his private get-up. Hush!

[*They compose themselves.*[2]

[2] *Mrs. Dane goes to window* L.

SIR DANIEL *enters.*[3]

[3] R.

SIR D.

Ah, Mr. Fendick, how d'ye do?

[*Goes up to writing-table and takes up* FENDICK'S *notes*

FENDICK.

How d'ye do, Sir Daniel? I wasn't aware when I met you at Lady Eastney's the other day that I had the pleasure and honour of addressing the famous judge, Sir Daniel Carteret?

SIR D.

No, Mr. Fendick? There I had the advantage of you, for I was aware I was addressing Mr. Fendick, the famous detective.

FENDICK.

Well, our professions are, in a manner of speaking, somewhat similar, aren't they?

SIR D.

Not similar, Mr. Fendick. Say co-operative, mutually assistant and necessary to each other. You elicit the truth,[1] I deal with it—when I get it. You catch the hare—I cook him.

[1] *Cleaning her glasses.*

FENDICK.

Him or her as the case may be.

SIR D.

Him or her as the case may be. Well, I don't think it will take long to hunt this hare down, eh?

FENDICK.

No, Sir Daniel, I think not. You received my copy of the evidence I obtained in Vienna?

SIR D.

[*Handing* FENDICK'S *notes.*] Yes, it came this morning. It seems very satisfactory.

FENDICK.

Most satisfactory, I thought, Sir Daniel.

SIR D.

You rely chiefly upon the evidence of this concierge I see.[2] He is perfectly clear in his remembrance of Miss Hindemarsh?

[2] *Mrs. Dane turns and leanson back of sofa in an apparently careless attitude, but she is really listening attentively*

FENDICK.

Perfectly clear.

SIR D.

[*Taking up a photograph.*] And from this photograph of Mrs. Dane that you gave me the other day, which, by the way, is a very good one——

FENDICK.

Taken by my partner, Burton.

SIR D.

The concierge is prepared to swear that Mrs. Dane is not Miss Hindemarsh?

FENDICK.

Yes, Sir Daniel.

SIR D.

Have you sent Mrs. Bulsom-Porter a copy of this evidence?

FENDICK.

No, Sir Daniel. When I called on her the other day, after seeing you at Lady Eastney's, she rowed me like a pickpocket——

SIR D.

What for?

FENDICK.

She said she'd sent me to Vienna to procure evidence of Mrs. Dane's guilt, instead of which I'd gone and proved her innocent, with other remarks quite *infra dig.* to me and my character.

SIR D.

The woman must be mad!

FENDICK.

That's what I say—mad on the rampage for social purity.

SIR D.

I'll see Mr. Bulsom-Porter and explain to him how the matter stands.

FENDICK.

Then I may consider the job concluded so far as I am concerned?

SIR D.

Yes, I think so. We know where to find you

FENDICK.

Fifty-four Buckingham Street. Telegraphic address, Sharpshot, London. Good-day to you, Sir Daniel. Good-day to you, ma'am. Glad this little affair has ended so pleasantly for all parties.

MRS. D.

Good-day, Mr. Fendick. Thank you for the trouble you have taken.[1]

[1] *Sir Daniel opens door* R.

FENDICK.

Don't name it, ma'am. I congratulate you heartily, I assure you. [*Exit*[2]

[2] R.

SIR D.[3]

[3] *Closes door, comes to her.*

You must let me congratulate you too.

MRS. D.

You think it is all ended? I'm free from this scandal at last?

SIR D.

Yes. I have something to say to you.

MRS. D.

Yes?

SIR D.

Now that we may consider it over, I don't mind owning that at first I thought Mrs. Bulsom-Porter's tale was true.

MRS. D.

But you don't now?! You believe in me? You think that I am worthy of Lionel?

SIR D.

Yes, and it gives me the greatest pleasure, my dear Lucy, to welcome you into my family as my daughter.

[*He kisses her forehead. She bursts into a little fit of tears.*

MRS. D.

Oh! I can't help it! Don't look at me please.

SIR D.

Cry away! Cry away! I'll go into the next room and send a little note to Bulsom-Porter. Between us I daresay we can put it all straight. [*Exit.*[1] [1 R.

MRS. D.

[*Left alone, she clasps her hands in gratitude and breathes out.*] I thank Thee! I thank Thee! All my life shall show my gratitude!

[*She continues sobbing. After some moments* SIR DANIEL *re-enters with an open sheet of note-paper on which he has begun to write a letter.*

SIR D.

By the way, my dear Lucy, I've been thinking——

[*She turns around and he sees she is still crying.*

MRS. D.

Isn't it foolish of me? This horrible thing has been hanging over me for weeks, and the relief seems too great. There! It's all over now! [*Looks up at him radiantly.*] Yes—you've been thinking—what?

SIR D.

I've been thinking what you should do. Tawhampton is only six hours by rail——

MRS. D.

Well?

SIR D.

You lived there you say till you were fifteen?

MRS. D.

Yes, and then my father and mother took me to Canada.

SIR D.

You had no other home in your childhood?

MRS. D.

No.

SIR D.

Have you been there since your return to England?

MRS. D.

No. It's an out-of-the-way place, and I've had no occasion to go.

SIR D.

Some of your childhood's friends must be living there still?

MRS. D.

Yes, I daresay.

SIR D.

You shall go down there to-morrow and hunt up some of your old friends who remember you as Lucy Allen.[1]

[1] *Goes to table R.*

MRS. D.

Yes, that's a splendid idea. I hadn't thought of that. [*Cunningly.*] But suppose I'm not able to find anybody at Tawhampton who can positively identify me, you have still sufficient evidence to prove who I am?

SIR D.

I have no evidence whatever to prove who you are. I have Risby's and Fendick's evidence to prove that you are not Felicia Hindemarsh.

MRS. D.

Isn't that enough?

SIR D.

Not if the matter comes into court. We shall then need evidence to prove that you are Lucy Dane, *née* Allen, with a history that can be traced.[2]

[2] *Sits at table.*

MRS. D.

I see. This doesn't mean that I'm to be dragged all through this horrible scandal again?

SIR D.

No. I think not. Bulsom-Porter is sure to meet the matter with an apology. Still, I think you should go to Tawhampton.

MRS. D.

I'm quite willing.

SIR D.

Did you keep up any correspondence with anyone there after you left?

MRS. D.

Yes, for a little while, but it soon ceased.

SIR D.

Whom did you write to?

MRS. D.

Mrs. Garton was one——

SIR D.

You don't know if she is living there still?

MRS. D.

No. She was over sixty then——

SIR D.

Do you remember anybody else? [*No reply.*] I have a topographical dictionary somewhere.[1] [*Looking along bookshelves.*] That might help us, if I can put my hands on it [*going along the bookshelves; she watches him furtively and with great anxiety.*] It used to be somewhere on these shelves. I wonder what has become of it. Who was the parson of the place?

[1] *Rises, goes up to bookcase at back* R.

MRS. D.

There were several curates. Mr. Inskip; he was a very stout little man with spectacles; he would remember me, and Mr. Charlesworth——

SIR D.

Have you any idea where either of them is to be found?[1]

[1] *Comes down* R. C.

MRS. D.[2]

[2] *Crossing to* L.

No.

SIR D.

Who taught you? Did you go to school?

MRS. D.

No.[3] We had governesses.

[3] *Has taken up cushion, arranging it to sit.*

SIR D.

"We?"[4] You say you were an only child. Who's "we?"

[4] *Sharply, suddenly. Looks at her keenly. Sir Daniel's growing suspicions must be marked on his face and in his manner as the scene progresses.*

MRS. D.

My cousin and I.

SIR D.

Your cousin? [*Turns over the foolscap sheets.*] Your cousin? A girl?

MRS. D.

Yes.

SIR D. [*Running hastily over the sheets.*] You haven't mentioned her. Where is she now?

MRS. D.

I don't know. She left Tawhampton before I did.

SIR D.

Where did she go?

MRS. D.

She took a situation as governess, I think.

SIR D.

Did she live with you in Tawhampton?

MRS. D.

No. Her father lived in the village, and she used to come to our house to be taught.

SIR D.

[*Running over the notes.*] You haven't mentioned her father?

MRS. D.

No. I didn't see what he had to do with my story. He died before I left the village.

SIR D.

What was your cousin's name?

MRS. D.

[*After a slight pause.*] Annie.

SIR D.

Annie what?

MRS. D.

Annie Allen.

SIR D.

And you have completely lost sight of her?

MRS. D.

Yes. Are there any other questions you wish to ask me?

SIR D.

No. I think not.

MRS. D.

Then I'll go back home and rest. My head is ready to split. Thank you for believing in me. You know Lionel will be happy with me?

SIR D.

I feel sure he will. [*Going with her to the window. As he comes up to the book-case*[1] *his eye lights on volumes of the topographical dictionary.*] Ah! Here's the very thing.

[1] *Above window.*

MRS. D.

What?

SIR D.

[*Taking a volume out of the shelf.*] Topographical dictionary of England and Wales. [*Looking along the volumes.*] Volume one, Devonshire. Let's see what it has to say about Tawhampton.[2] [*Taking the volume to table and turning over the leaves—she watches him with great anxiety.*] Devonshire—Devonshire—Tawhampton—[*Reading from the book.*] Tawhampton is a parish and village—picturesquely situated—mid-division of the country—Wonford hundred—rural deanery of Crockenwell—Archdeaconry of Okestock. The church of Saint Andrew is a building in the Perpendicular style. The living is a vicarage, net yearly value £376, and has been held since eighteen-seventy-five by [3] [*turns round on her, she shows great fright*] by the Reverend Francis Hindemarsh! Hindemarsh?

[2] *Coming down towards table* R. C.

[3] *She gives a great start.*

[4] C.

MRS. D.[4]

He was my uncle.

[5] R. C.

SIR D.[5]

Your uncle?

[6] *Coming to him.*

MRS. D.[6]

Sir Daniel, I've done wrong, very wrong to hide from you that Felicia Hindemarsh was my cousin.

[7] *Closing book with a sharp clap.*

SIR D.[7]

Felicia Hindemarsh was your cousin!

MRS. D.

Can't you understand why I have hidden it? The

whole affair was so terrible! I can't tell you how keenly I felt the disgrace, how keenly I feel it still.

SIR D.[1]

[1] *Puts book on table.*

But she was only your cousin. Surely there was no reason for you to hide it from Lionel and me.

MRS. D.

I didn't intend to hide it from you. But I had always concealed it from everybody. And having once begun I was obliged to go on. Can't you understand?

[*He doesn't reply. His face shows very grave concern, and he again walks up and down*[2] *as if in perplexity as to what course he should take.*

[2] *Crosses to L.*

MRS. D.

[*After a considerable pause.*] You're angry with me?

SIR D.

Not angry. But grieved, deeply grieved that you hadn't the courage to tell me the truth.

MRS. D.

I will now—the whole truth—indeed, I will.

SIR D.

[*Drily.*] Yes. Perhaps it would be advisable.

[*He is still evidently distressed and annoyed; at length goes up to writing-table, takes up the foolscap sheets, glances through them.*

SIR D.

Of course this puts the matter in a new light.[3]

[3] *Sits at table R. C.*

MRS. D.[4]

[4] *Comes to him.*

How? I'll tell Lionel. Promise me it sha'n't part us!

SIR D.

There is no reason you should be parted because you happen to be the cousin of Felicia Hindemarsh. But——

MRS. D.

But what?

SIR D.

Why didn't you deal openly with us? See how Lionel loves you! How he believes in you! And I too had grown to like you. I felt glad that you were going to be my daughter. Ah, why didn't you trust us?

MRS. D.

Oh, I've done wrong, very wrong! Say that it sha'n't part us. You forgive me?

SIR D.

[*After a pause offers his hand which she takes eagerly.*] I forgive you. But you wish me to clear you thoroughly from this slander?

MRS. D.

Yes, indeed. And you will?

SIR D.

Yes. But understand, my dear Lucy, from this moment there must not be the faintest suspicion of trifling with the truth. Understand that most clearly.

MRS. D.

I do.

[1] *Shaking her hand.*

SIR D.[1]

Then we'll consider that episode closed, and we'll make a fresh start.

MRS. D.

Yes, ask me anything you please. I'm only too anxious to help you in getting at the truth.

SIR D.

That ought not to be very difficult. [*Seats himself in revolving chair at writing-table, takes a pen and occasionally makes notes of her answers.*] Now, Felicia Hindemarsh was your cousin?

MRS. D.

Yes.

SIR D.

Her father was the vicar of Tawhampton?

MRS. D.

Yes.

SIR D.

And your other cousin [1]—Annie Allen?

[1] *Pause. She looks at him inquiringly.*

MRS. D.

I had no other cousin. When you asked what my cousin's name was I couldn't say "Felicia Hindemarsh," so I gave the first name I could think of.[2]

[2] *Sir Daniel shakes his head dubiously—sighs as if grieved.*

SIR D.

Had you any other relatives in or near Tawhampton?

MRS. D.

No.

SIR D.

You were the only child of—[*consulting foolscap sheets*] of Robert and Sophia Allen?

MRS. D.

Yes, my mother and her mother were sisters.

SIR D

[*Reading from foolscap.*] Robert Allen, woollen manufacturer, Tawhampton. In eighty-seven, being in difficulties, he sold his business and went to Montreal. You, his only child, went with him, and five years later you married Charles Lewis Dane, surgeon, Montreal. You lived there till two years ago when your husband died, and a year ago you

came back to England and took up your residence at Winchester.

MRS. D.

Yes.

SIR D.

There are, of course, people in Montreal who knew you intimately as Mrs. Dane and can identify you.

MRS. D.

Oh yes, of course.

SIR D.

Will you please make me out a list of their names and addresses?

MRS. D.

Yes, certainly. Shall I do it now? [1]

[1] *Rising to go left.*

SIR D.

No, by-and-by will do.[2] Now to go back to your cousin, Felicia Hindemarsh. You have no idea where she is now?

[2] *She comes back to C.*

MRS. D.

Not the least.

SIR D.

When was the last time you saw her?

MRS. D.

When I left Tawhampton.[3]

[3] *She suddenly realizes that she has committed herself, becomes nervous. Sir Daniel looks sharply at her.*

SIR D.

When you left Tawhampton. [*Refers back to her statement.*] You haven't seen her since?

MRS. D.

No. Sir Daniel, I feel I could collect my thoughts much better if I were alone and had time to remember. I feel so confused——

[4] *Rises, goes towards her.*

SIR D.[4]

I'll try not to tax you, if you'll answer one or two simple questions.

MRS. D.

Very well.

SIR D.[1]

Felicia Hindemarsh was younger or older than you?[2]

MRS. D.

A year younger.

SIR D.

Have you any portrait of her?

MRS. D.

No.

SIR D.

You kept up a correspondence with her when you left England?

MRS. D.

[*After a little pause.*] Yes.

SIR D.

For how long?

MRS. D.

For some years, I think.

SIR D.

Have you any letter of hers?

MRS. D.

No. After the dreadful affair in Vienna I destroyed everything.

SIR D.

There would doubtless be persons in Tawhampton who would remember her as well as you?

MRS. D.

Oh, yes, I should think. We only lived there as girls, and perhaps people might not recollect sufficiently to be sure——

[1] *A little sternly.*

[2] *He is up C. above sofa. She is between him and sofa.*

SIR D.

When Felicia Hindemarsh left Tawhampton, where did she go?

MRS. D.

I don't quite know.

SIR D.

But you had letters from her. Where did they come from?

MRS. D.

Let me think—it was some seaside place I think. [*Pause.*

SIR D.

You don't remember?

MRS. D.

No. I'm getting so terribly muddled, I don't know what I'm saying.[1] I—I—you frighten me![2]

[1] *Goes down left.*

[2] *Suddenly turns, faces him with an attempted defiance.*

SIR D.

I frighten you?

[*His manner throughout has been calm and kind but very firm*

MRS. D.

Yes. I know you're very kind, and that I've nothing to fear, but I feel—I feel as if I were being thumb-screwed, and if you ask me one more question I must shriek out for help. [*A little pause.*] I'm sure it would be better for me to go and write it all out when I'm alone. [*Making a movement to go.*] Don't you think so?

SIR D.

[*Arresting her with a gesture.*] No.

MRS. D.

I'm in such a state that I can't be sure I'm giving you the right answers.

SIR D.

[*Calm, stern.*] You must be sure you are giving me the right answers. Come, now, sit down,[1] and [*very kindly*] remember that I have not a single interest at stake except what is yours and Lionel's. Remember that I have no hope or desire in this matter, except to clear you triumphantly in the eyes of the world, and give you to Lionel for his wife. Now don't get anxious or excited. We'll soon get this tiresome business over!

[1] *Sits on sofa.*

MRS. D.

Oh, I know I'm foolish, and you have been so patient and kind.

SIR D.

This seaside place that Felicia Hindemarsh wrote from. Was it north, south, east, or west?

MRS. D.

South, I think.

SIR D.

Portsmouth, Brighton, Hastings, Eastbourne?

MRS. D.

Brighton, I think.

SIR D.

What was she doing there? [*No reply.*] You said your cousin was a governess?

MRS. D.

I think she was pupil teacher at a school.

SIR D.

Good. That's a clue.

MRS. D.

A clue to what?

SIR D.

If Felicia Hindemarsh was a pupil teacher at a school on the south coast, we shall doubtless be

able to find out where it was, and some one who remembers her.

MRS. D.

Yes. Yes. But I hope I shall find somebody at Tawhampton to-morrow——

SIR D.

Yes. By the way, I'm free to-morrow, I think I'll run down to Tawhampton with you.

MRS. D.

[*Feigning delight.*] Will you? That will be such a help to me. You can tell me exactly what kind of evidence you want, and you can be sure whether people are telling the truth.

SIR D.

Can I? [*Looking at her.*

MRS. D.

[*Looking at him with the utmost frankness.*] I know that I shouldn't like to tell you what was false. I should feel that you would very soon drag the truth out of me. See how quickly you forced me to tell you that Felicia Hindemarsh was my cousin. And I'm glad you did! I should never have been happy or comfortable till I had told you and Lionel. Then you will go down to Tawhampton with me.

SIR D.

[*Has been keenly watching her.*] If you don't mind.

MRS. D.

Passing her hand across her forehead in such a way as to hide her face from Sir Daniel.

I shall be delighted.[1] I hope my head will be better, and that I shall be well enough to go.

SIR D.

I hope so. If not, I'll take a little journey there by myself.

MRS. D.

Ye-es——

SIR D.

Was your cousin anything like you?

MRS. D.

I think there was a likeness. I daresay it was that which made Mr. Risby mistake me for her.

SIR D.

Possibly. But Mr. Fendick said the other day that you were not in the least like Felicia Hindemarsh.

MRS. D.

Did he? But often one person sees a likeness where another sees none. What time shall we start for Tawhampton to-morrow?

SIR D.

I'll look out the trains by-and-by. . . . Then you never saw your cousin after childhood?

MRS. D.

No—I—I [*Suddenly breaks down.*] I can't bear it! I can't bear it![1]

[1] *Buries her face in her hands.*

SIR D.

What?

MRS. D.

Your questioning me as if I was guilty! I feel you suspect me still.[2] Tell me, do you trust me thoroughly? [*He does not reply.*] Ah, you see you do not answer!—So be it. Make me out a list of the questions you want answered and I'll answer them. But I can endure this torture no longer.

[*Going to window.*

[2] *Rises, crosses to him defiantly.*

[3] *Rises.*

SIR D.[3]

Stop. Come, my dear Lucy, this won't do.[4] We are here to get at the truth, aren't we?

[4] *Going up to her.*

MRS. D.

Yes, and you must see how ready and willing I am to answer your questions—I'm very faint——

SIR D.

I'll only keep you a moment. Now I am going to ask you one question. Think well before you reply, because all your happiness and Lionel's depend upon my receiving a correct answer.

MRS. D.

Well?!

SIR D.

When was the last time you saw your cousin Felicia Hindemarsh? [*A long pause.*

MRS. D.

I'll tell you everything.

SIR D.

Go on.

MRS. D.

I don't know what you'll think of me. I don't care. I'd almost rather everybody believed me guilty than suffer what I have done the last few weeks. It's horrible!

SIR D.

When was the last time you saw Felicia Hindemarsh?

MRS. D.

After the fearful scandal in Vienna she wrote to me in Montreal. She was desperate and begged us to shelter her. We had been like sisters, and I wrote to her to come out to us, and we would give her a home.

SIR D.

And you did?

MRS. D.

Yes, till her death.

SIR D.

When was that?

MRS. D.

About a year ago.

SIR D.

Where? [*Pause.*

MRS. D.

At Montreal.

SIR D.

She lived with you in Montreal—as Felicia Hindemarsh?

MRS. D.

No; we called her Mrs. Allen.

SIR D.

Give me the names and addresses of those people who knew you in Montreal as Mrs. Dane and her as Mrs. Allen.

MRS. D.

I'll write them out. Let me bring it to you this evening.[1] What are you going to do with it?

SIR D.

I'm going to prove that you are Lucy Dane[2]—*if you are Lucy Dane.* [*She looks at him.*

SIR D.

Does Risby know who you are?

MRS. D.

What do you mean?

SIR D.

Does Risby know who you are?

MRS. D.

Yes—he knows that I am Mrs. Dane.

SIR D.

The cousin of Felicia Hindemarsh.

MRS. D.

[*After a pause.*] Yes.

SIR D.

You told Risby, a mere acquaintance, that Felicia

[1] *Moves away a little towards* L.—*then suddenly turns and faces him with an effort to be brave.*

[2] *Taking a step towards her.*

Hindemarsh was your cousin and you didn't tell Lionel, you didn't tell me?

MRS. D.

I—I—— [*She looks at him.*] I—oh—I'll answer you no more. Believe what you please of me! I want no more of your help! Let me go![1]

[1] *Sir Daniel holds her.*

SIR D.

[*Stopping her.*] How much does Risby know?

MRS. D.

Don't I tell you he knows I am Mrs. Dane?

SIR D.

Woman, you're lying!

MRS. D.

[*Flashes out on him.*] How dare you? How dare you?

SIR D.[2]

I say you're lying! You are Felicia Hindemarsh!

[*He looks at her steadily. Her eyes drop. She sinks on her knees before him, seizes his hand in supplication, looks at him appealingly; he angrily withdraws his hand.*

[2] *Speaking quickly on to her first "How dare you" so that the two voices are heard together.*

4th Call.
Lady Eastney.
Lionel.

MRS. D.

Don't tell Lionel!

SIR D.

[*With a little laugh.*] Not tell Lionel?[3]

[3] *Goes towards* R. C.

MRS. D.

[*Dry, quiet voice.*] I'm not a bad woman. You don't know. You wouldn't condemn me if you knew all.

SIR D.

Tell me.

MRS. D.

I'd been brought up in a village. I was a child in

knowledge. I knew nothing of life, nothing of the world. Mr. Trent was very kind to me. He was rich and distinguished and flattered me by his notice. And I—oh, why didn't somebody warn me? Why did they keep me ignorant? I didn't even love him, not in that way—not as I love Lionel. I tell you I knew nothing! Nothing! Till it was too late! You believe me, don't you?

SIR D.

Tell me all.

MRS. D.

I hated myself. I should have hated him but he was very kind. It went on till all was discovered. His wife killed herself. He was frantic with grief and went out of his mind. I thought I'd kill myself —I did buy the poison—but I hadn't the courage. My cousin Lucy was living in Montreal. She was an angel—she took me into her home and gave out that I was a widow. My child was born there.[1]

[1] *She speaks this very softly, burying her face in her hands.*

SIR D.[2]

[2] *Goes up to her*

There was a child?

MRS. D.

Yes.

SIR D.

Is it living?

MRS. D.

Yes.

SIR D.

Where is it?

MRS. D.

In North Devon, with an old servant of ours. I see him every month. He is the sweetest boy, and I love him so much—next to Lionel.[3] He'll never be any trouble—or disgrace. Now you know everything. I'm not a bad woman.

[3] *Looking up at Sir Daniel.*

SIR D.

I'm sorry for you, believe me, very sorry. But why

did you wade through all that morass of lies and deceit? [1] Why didn't you have the courage to tell me the truth?

[1] *She has got towards left: gets up slowly by the sofa* L.

MRS. D.

Because I felt that you would part me from Lionel. If you loved a woman as I love him, wouldn't you tell lies, wouldn't you dare anything, to keep her? You know you would! You know you would! And so did I, and I would do it again. You won't tell Lionel?

SIR D.

He must be told. And this marriage must be broken off.

MRS. D.

Why? Nobody need know. Mr. Risby won't betray me. The detective can't. I've paid him and he daren't. You won't tell Lionel?

SIR D.

He must be told.

MRS. D.

It can be hushed up. I'll make him such a good wife. Give me this one chance—don't tell him. Give me this one chance!

SIR D.

He must be told.

[2] *Mrs. Dane crosses to* L. *He comes* C.

Enter LIONEL *at window, excited.* [2]

LAL.

Curtain warning.

Lucy, I went for the keys; they weren't there. The escritoire was locked. Just as I was coming away Risby came up with a note for you. While he was talking at the door with the maid, she said something about his having called upon you this morning before lunch. Was that so? You met him here as if you hadn't seen him. I couldn't understand it—I've been questioning him all this time, but he only puts me off. He says I must ask you——[3]

[3] *Mrs. Dane crosses to* R.

MRS. D.

[*To* SIR DANIEL.] Tell him.[1]

Enter LADY EASTNEY.[2]

LADY E.

Well, how is it going? Have you got all the evidence you want?

MRS. D.

Will you come home with me? I wish to speak to you.

LADY E.

What's the matter?

MRS. D.[3]

Come home with me.

LADY E.

What has happened?

MRS. D.

I want a friend.[4] Don't be hard on me! Don't be hard on me!

[*Exit* MRS. DANE, *followed by* LADY EASTNEY. LIONEL *is going after them.*

SIR D.

[*Holds up his hand, stops him.*] Lal—![5]

CURTAIN.

(ACT PLAYS, 38 MINUTES.)

[1] *Goes down right. Lal gets below sofa left. Sir Daniel is at table.*

[2] R. *She goes* C.

[3] *Going round Sir Daniel towards Lady Eastney.*

[4] *Moving up* R. C. *goes off right.*

[5] *Lal stops* C.

Blue lengths each side of fireplace. Blue arcs at window L. *Electric wall brackets lighted. White length at door* R. *Everything full up.*

1st Call.

Lionel. Wilson. Janet. Lady Eastney.

ACT IV.

SCENE. *The same as Act III. Time, the following Saturday evening. Windows open. Discover* LAL, *very haggard and restless, walking up*[1] *and down. Enter* WILSON *at door,*[2] *goes over to window, stops.*

[1] *Up centre and down right.*

[2] R.

WILSON.

Sir Daniel has finished dinner, sir. [*No reply. Exit* WILSON *at window, returns in a few moments bringing in a rug and a light garden chair, which he leaves in the window; he folds the rug and places it on arm of sofa.*] Shall I keep any dinner for you, sir?

LAL.

Eh—no thank you, Wilson.

[3] R. [*Exit* WILSON *at door.*[3] LAL *comes down to sofa and sits in a despairing attitude.*

Enter JANET *at door in evening dress—at first she does not see him.*

JANET.

I beg pardon.

LAL.

[4] *Rises.* Janet—you wish to see my father?[4]

JANET.

No, I've just left him. Auntie and I have been dining here.

LAL.

Oh yes. I'd forgotten.

JANET.

We wondered what had become of you. Why didn't you come in to dinner?

LAL.

I'm not fit for any company but my own.

JANET.

Sir Daniel and Auntie are taking coffee in the veranda. Won't you come and join them?

LAL.

I'd rather not. Please don't take any notice of me.

[*She is going off at door*[1]*—he sits down again in despair—she suddenly stops; comes back to him.*

[1] R.

JANET.

Mr. Carteret, I don't know what has happened. But I can see there's something the matter with you. Perhaps you've had a great sorrow. Well, you'll pull yourself together and be a man. It'll take you all your time, I've no doubt, but you've just got to do it, d'ye understand?

LAL.

I'll try.

JANET.

And you needn't think that you're the only poor body on earth that's badly used. For if ye did but know there's many a man, and many a wee bit of a woman that has just as thankless a lot as yours. So I'd not be wasting too much pity on myself if I were you.

2nd Call.

Sir Daniel. Canon. Mr. Bulsom-Porter. Mrs. Bulsom-Porter. Letter.

LAL.

I won't, Janet.

JANET.

And if you've lost one friend perhaps that may be the very means of showing you the value of them that are left.

[1] R.

Enter LADY EASTNEY, *at door,*[1] *in dinner dress.*

JANET.

I've just been giving him the very best advice in the world.[2]

[2] *Goes up c.*

LADY E.

How d'ye do, Lionel?

LAL.

[3] *Rises.*

How d'ye do, Lady Eastney?[3]

LADY E.

[*Comes very tenderly and sympathetically to him, takes both hands of his in hers, looks at him, shakes her head at him.*] No sleep again? No appetite?

LAL.

[*Withdraws his hands.*] I can't eat. And I feel I shall never sleep again.

LADY E.

Your father is grieving very much about you.

LAL.

I'm sorry, for there never was anybody less worth grieving about than I am.

LADY E.

Go to him. Try and eat something just to please him.

LAL.

It would choke me. Don't bother any more about me, Lady Eastney. I daresay I shall get over it by the time I'm dead. [*Going off at window.*[4]

[4] L.

LADY E.

Lionel! [*He stops. In a low tone.*] You've not seen her since——

LAL.

No, I've kept my word, and broken my heart. I heard the clock chime every quarter of an hour last

night. I feel I should like to lie at the bottom of the river to-night where I couldn't hear it.

[*Going off at window.*[1]

[1] R. *Lal is near window. Janet is above sofa. Lady Eastney is a little to right of sofa.*

LADY E.

Lionel, where are you going?

LAL.

Does it matter where I go or what becomes of me?

JANET.

[*Trying to stop him.*] Mr. Carteret——

LAL.

Let me be, Janet! [*Going off at window.*

LADY E.

Lionel! you won't do anything rash?

LAL.

[*At window.*] You needn't fear I shall kill myself. I'm too much of a coward. But—tell my father I can keep my promise no longer. I'm going across to her. [*Exit at window.*[2]

[2] R. *Janet has come to Lionel at window, then goes round right of sofa to Lady Eastney.*

JANET.

[*Bursts into tears and throws her arms round* LADY EASTNEY'S *neck.*] Auntie, I can just bear it no longer! My heart will break! Let Mrs. Patterson take me away—anything—anything—so that I can be at work and forget!

LADY E.

Hush, hush! You mustn't be a coward!

Enter SIR DANIEL *at door.*[3] JANET *controls herself.*

[3] R.

LADY E.

There! There's a brave Janet.

JANET.

I'm just a poor silly body that ought to know better![4]

[4] *Sir Daniel goes up C.*

LADY E.

Janet, would you go home and look in my dressing-table. You'll find a sleeping powder in the second drawer——

JANET.

Yes, I know.

LADY E.

Bring it to me here.

JANET.

[1] R. Yes, Auntie. [Exit.[1]

LADY E.

[1] Crossing to R. C. We must manage to give Lionel a little sleep to-night.[2] He's nearly distracted for want of it.

SIR D.

[2] Coming down by sofa L. C. Poor fellow! I'm rather glad he has taken it so violently.[3]

LADY E.

Why?

SIR D.

It means that in six months it will be out of his system.

LADY E.

It's a genuine love. Don't you think it will last?

SIR D.

A few months. But even if it goes deeper than I think it does, it must be broken off.

LADY E.

Why? Nobody except ourselves need know that this story is true.

[4] Coming towards her. SIR D.[4]

The Bulsom-Porters know it—the whole neighbourhood must know it before long.

LADY E.

The Bulsom-Porters think that Mr. Risby was really mistaken. The Canon has them to dinner

to-night, and he's doing his best to get her to sign the apology you drew up.

SIR D.

We can't ask Mrs. Bulsom-Porter for an apology now!

LADY E.

Indeed we can.[1] Whatever happens to Mrs. Dane, I'm quite determined Mrs. Bulsom-Porter shall make a handsome apology, and everybody shall know it; then I don't think the story will ever be repeated.

[1] *Very firmly.*

SIR D.

And will Mrs. Dane continue to live in Sunningwater?

LADY E.

She's quite willing to do whatever you and Lionel wish. I've been with her all the afternoon. Oh, the pearls of wisdom and good advice that dropped from this small mouth! And I felt myself such a transcendent humbug all the while!

SIR D.

Why?

LADY E.

Aren't we all humbugs? Isn't it all a sham? Don't we all have one code on our lips and another in our hearts, one set of rules to admonish our neighbours, and another to guide our own conduct? Why should I lecture that poor woman on her duty to Society? Why should I take her name off my visiting list and pretend that I can't know her?[2]

[2] *Sits at table R. C.*

SIR D.

Because you're a virtuous woman, and she isn't.

LADY E.

That's true—as it happens—and so far as it goes. Small credit to me! I wasn't in her place—I didn't meet with her temptations—and if I had I should

have been cold-hearted enough, or cunning enough to resist.

SIR D.

[1] *Goes up* C.

Very well. That's all a man can ask; the temperament—call it virtue or cunning—that resists.[1]

LADY E.

Not a pretty kind of cunning, that! And sometimes the man gets the other kind of cunning—the cunning that conceals!

SIR D.

[2] *Crosses down right.*

Very well. We can't help ourselves.[2] But at any rate the outside of the platter must be clean.

[3] *Rises, crosses to* L.

LADY E.[3]

Oh, aren't you Pharisees and tyrants, all of you? And don't you make cowards and hypocrites of all of us? Don't you lead us into sin and then condemn us for it? Aren't you first our partners and then our judges?[4]

[4] *Sits on sofa* L.

[5] *Crossing to her.*

SIR D.[5]

The rules of the game are severe. If you don't like them, leave the sport alone. They will never be altered.

LADY E.

But where's the justice of the whole business? Here is this poor woman whom Lionel loves, and who loves Lionel with all her heart—why shouldn't he marry her?

SIR D.

If he were your son would you wish him to marry her? Would you wish all his after-life to be poisoned by the thought that she had deceived him, that she had belonged to another man, and that man and his child still living? Do, for heaven's sake, let us get rid of all this sentimental cant and sophistry about this woman business. [*Unconsciously get-*

ting very heated.] A man demands the treasure of a woman's purest love. It's what he buys and pays for with the strength of his arm and the sweat of his brow. It's the condition on which he makes her his wife and fights the world for her and his children. It's his fiercest instinct, and he does well to guard it; for it's the very mainspring of a nation's health and soundness. And whatever I've done, whatever I've been myself, I'm quite resolved my son sha'n't marry another man's mistress. There's the plain sense of the whole matter, so let us have no more talk about patching up things that ought not to be patched up, that can't be patched up, and that sha'n't be patched up if I can stop them from being patched up![1]

[1] *Going down right.*

LADY E.

[*Looks at him very much amused.*] I wouldn't get into a temper about it if I were you.

SIR D.

Am I in a temper?[2] Pray forgive me.[3]

[2] *Laughs.*

[3] *Crosses to* C.

LADY E.

I rather like you in a temper. It shows me that if I marry you, you'd be my master.

SIR D.

Let me assure you I'd try. Will you take me.[4]

[4] *Holding out his hand.*

LADY E.

Couldn't you manage to put a little of the fervour you waste on social ethics into your love-making?

SIR D.

I'll try. Will you take me?

LADY E.[5]

[*Pauses, looks at him merrily.*] I'm really half inclined——

[5] *Sir Daniel bends towards her as if to kiss her. As Wilson enters Sir Daniel moves away to* R.

[1] R. *Lady Eastney rises.*

Enter WILSON *at door.*[1]

WILSON.

Canon Bonsey would like to speak to you for a moment, Sir Daniel.

SIR D.

[2] R. *Sir Daniel moves towards* C.

Show him in [*Exit* WILSON.[2]

LADY E.

He has come from the Bulsom-Porters. Now remember that we can't go back from the position we have taken up—the fullest apology.

[3] R.

Enter WILSON [3] *showing in* CANON BONSEY.

WILSON.

[*Announcing.*] Canon Bonsey.

[4] R.

[5] R.

Enter CANON.[4] *Exit* WILSON.[5]

[6] C. *Sir Daniel to his right. Lady Eastney to his left.*

CANON.[6]

How d'ye do, Sir Daniel? How d'ye do, Lady Eastney?

LADY E.

[*Shaking hands.*] How d'ye do, Canon?

CANON.

[*Making a wry face.*] I've had the Bulsom-Porters to dinner. And seeing that Bulsom-Porter knows a glass of good wine I felt bound to bring out my elegant eighty-nine Ayala and my sixty-three port. I cannot imagine a more unworthy office for either vintage than that of assisting Mrs. Bulsom-Porter's digestion. However, I've persuaded her to go home and fetch the apology you drew up last Saturday. They're coming on here, and I think, with a little judicious handling, we shall persuade the lady to sign it. Don't I hear voices? [*Goes to the window.*] [7] They're coming. Eh? [*Looks very grave and shocked.*] They're quarrelling in the

[7] R.

lane. I heard an ejaculation from Bulsom-Porter which ill accords with the sylvan beauty of the scene. What?! [*Exit quickly at window.*[1]

[1] R.

SIR D.[2]

[2] R. C.

Take care how you work this apology business. Suppose Mrs. Bulsom-Porter finds out that we know Mrs. Dane is an impostor?

LADY E.[3]

[3] *By sofa* L. C.

We don't know it. Mr. Risby and the detective say she isn't. I intend that Mrs. Dane shall leave this place, if she does leave it, without a stain on her character. And I intend that Mrs. Bulsom-Porter shall stay in it, if she does stay in it, as a self-confessed scandal-monger.

SIR D.

But I can't exact an apology——

LADY E.

[*Very firmly.*] I can! Hush!

[*As the* CANON *appears at window.*[4]

[4] R.

CANON *enters at window leading in* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER *very carefully.* BULSOM-PORTER *follows.* BULSOM-PORTER *and* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER *are evidently in a bad temper with each other.*[5]

[5] *Sir Daniel crosses to Mrs. Bulsom-Porter, shakes hands with her; then shakes hands with Mr. Bulsom-Porter.*

CANON.

Take care of the window-threshold. Perhaps Sir Daniel will excuse us entering this way?[6]

[6] *Canon goes up* L. *Puts his hat on armchair then comes down* L. C. *to Mrs. Bulsom-Porter. Sir Daniel turns up* C. *Mr. Bulsom-Porter crosses behind sofa to* C. *Lady Eastney bows to Mrs. Bulsom-Porter then sits at table* R. C.

SIR D.

Certainly. [*To* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER, *shaking hands.*] How d'ye do?

MRS. BUL.-P.

How d'ye do, Sir Daniel?

SIR D.

How d'ye do?

[*To* BULSOM-PORTER. BULSOM-PORTER *says nothing, but shakes hands, glances at* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER. SIR DANIEL *gives a sympathetic handshake behind the back of* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER, *who is exchanging a constrained bow with* LADY EASTNEY.

CANON.

[*To* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER.] Did you bring the paper?

MRS. BUL.-P.

[*Produces the paper that* SIR DANIEL *has given her at the end of Act II.*] I shall not sign this.[1]

[1] *All look surprised at Mrs. Bulsom-Porter.*

CANON.

[*Taken aback.*] But, my dear lady, I understood you at dinner to say that you would sign it.

MRS. BUL.-P.

Yes. But, since dinner, Mr. Bulsom-Porter has chosen to use such dreadful language to me, that I must first of all insist upon an apology from him.[2]

[2] *Takes her wrap off—places it on sofa* L., *sits.*

[CANON *turns helplessly to* BULSOM-PORTER.

BUL.-P.

Tell her to kindly send in a form of an apology to Rawlinson, my lawyer, and I'll sign it.

CANON.

Hush! [*Turns to* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER.] Mr. Bulsom-Porter is only too anxious to withdraw his language to you, as I am sure you are only too anxious to withdraw your allegations against Mrs. Dane.

MRS. BUL.-P.

3rd Call. Janet. Mrs. Dane. "powder."

I object to the word "allegations." I made certain statements——

CANON.

"Statements," by all means. Which you are anxious to withdraw.

MRS. BUL.-P.

I object to the word "withdraw."

CANON.

Which you will not repeat.

MRS. BUL.-P.

Which will not be repeated. The word "apologize" is used in this paper. I cannot apologize to Mrs. Dane. I would rather go to gaol.

[CANON *goes to* BULSOM-PORTER.

BUL.-P.

[*In a low tone, but sufficiently loud for his wife to hear.*] Kindly arrange a settlement on that basis.

CANON.

[*Tries to soothe him.*] Hush! [*To* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER.] You will not apologize. I suppose you would not mind expressing your regret?

MRS. BUL.-P.

I do not mind some slight expression of regret, but I will never apologize.

CANON.

[*Helpless.*] Sir Daniel, what do you advise under the circumstances?

SIR D.[1]

[*Looks at* LADY EASTNEY.] Well, I—a——[2]

LADY E.[3]

Mrs. Bulsom-Porter, will you please allow me to look at that paper? [MRS. BULSOM-PORTER *gives paper to* LADY EASTNEY, *who reads it.* LADY EASTNEY, *having read.*] I'm surprised!

MRS. BUL.-P.

At what?

[1] *Has come down right.*

[2] *Canon turns up C.*

[3] *Rises, crosses to C.*

LADY E.

At Sir Daniel's moderation. [SIR DANIEL *makes a face.*] I don't think you quite realize the very awkward position you are in.

MRS. BUL.-P.

How?

LADY E.

[*To* BULSOM-PORTER.] You thoroughly approve of this?

BUL.-P.

Most certainly.[1]

[1] *Lady Eastney gives paper back to Mrs. Bulsom-Porter.*

LADY E.

Sir Daniel, what would happen if Mr. Bulsom-Porter were to instruct his lawyer to offer his own apologies to Mrs. Dane, at the same time declaring that he wouldn't hold himself responsible for what Mrs. Bulsom-Porter does or says.

[2] *Down right.*

SIR D.[2]

Well, a—I scarcely know.

MRS. BUL.-P.

I shall not be bound by my husband's actions.

LADY E.

Isn't it whether he will be bound by yours? The only question is as to how far[3] Mr. Bulsom-Porter is prepared to go——

[3] *Looking at Mrs. Bulsom-Porter with meaning, to give him the cue.*

BUL.-P.

My dear Lady Eastney, I am prepared to go to any lengths. I will offer Mrs. Dane the most abject apology on my knees, and I will allow her lawyer to dictate it in any terms and make any use of it that he pleases.

LADY E.

I think that will meet our views, Sir Daniel?

SIR D.

Yes, yes. I think so——

LADY E.

Mrs. Dane will then bring her action against Mrs. Bulsom-Porter?

SIR D.

Yes, I suppose so——

MRS. BUL.-P.

Action against me?![1]

[1] *Rises slowly.*

LADY E.

And call Mr. Bulsom-Porter for a witness——

MRS. BUL.-P.

What? My husband will not dare——

BUL.-P. [*Very sympathetic.*]

My dear, I shall![2]

[2] *Mrs. Bulsom Porter sits again.*

LADY E.

I suppose there is no doubt whatever of the effect upon the jury, Sir Daniel?

SIR D.

None whatever, I should say—or upon the judge.

LADY E.

[*To* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER.] Don't you see what a very awkward position you are in? Mr. Bulsom-Porter, will you step across to Mrs. Dane with me at once?

BUL.-P.

Delighted.

LADY E.

[*To* BULSOM-PORTER.] My cloak is in the next room. [*Going off at door.*[3]

[3] R.

MRS. BUL.-P.[4]

[4] *Rises.*

One moment! I do not object to sign this if Sir Daniel will remove the word "apology."

LADY E.

It must be signed exactly as it stands.

MRS. BUL.-P.

No! I will do anything that Sir Daniel may require, but I will not apologize.

LADY E.

Now, Mr. Bulsom-Porter——

MRS. BUL.-P.

One moment, please. [*Very long pause.*] Sir Daniel,[1] if I had to sign this—agreement, where should I have to put my name?

[1] *Sir Daniel crosses to her* C.

SIR D.

[*Pointing.*] There.[2]

[2] *Turns up* C.

LADY E.[3]

[3] *Coming to table.*

[*Takes up a pen from writing-table.*] Do you like a broad nib? Or a quill?

MRS. BUL.-P.

Neither.

LADY E. [*Takes up another.*]

This seems a nice one.

[MRS. BULSOM-PORTER[4] *takes it after great hesitation, at last dashes off the signature and bursts into a fit of hysterical tears.*][5]

[4] *Sitting at table.*

[5] *Rises, crosses to* L., *puts her wrap on.*

LADY E. [*Offering pen.*]

Canon will you sign as witness?

CANON.

Certainly.[6] [*Signs.*

[6] *Sitting at table* R. C.

LADY E.

And I will put my autograph, and then the interesting document will be complete. [*Signs.*

CANON.

[7] *Rises.*

And peace will be restored to my distracted parish.[7]

MRS. BUL.-P. [*Getting more and more hysterical.*] If any future question arises, I wish it to be dis-

tinctly understood that my signature was forced from me, against my will, and under threats from my husband—and—I'm quite sure Jim Risby knows something dreadful about that woman—and if my husband had the least sense of what was due to his wife—I—understand—I do not apologize. I have not, and I never will apologize, and, oh—[*To* BULSOM-PORTER.] Let me pass, sir! Let me pass! [*Exit in hysterics at window.*[1]]

[1] *Right. Pause.*

BUL.-P. [*Very quietly.*]

It's my silver wedding on the twentieth of next month.

CANON.[2] [*To* BULSOM-PORTER.]

[2] *Getting his hat coming down,* L. C.

Mrs. Bulsom-Porter seemed very much upset. Oughtn't one of us attend her home?

BUL.-P.

Well, perhaps, you will.

[CANON *goes up to window—stops, comes back.*]

CANON.

Perhaps we had better both go. Are you ready?

BUL.-P. [*Shrugs his shoulder.*]

I shall be there before Mrs. Bulsom-Porter has recovered.[3] Good-night, Sir Daniel. My very best thanks.[4] Good-night, my dear Lady Eastney, you have saved me from a law-suit and a thousand pounds damages.

[3] *Crossing to* R. C. *Shaking hands.*

[4] *Shaking hands with Lady Eastney.*

LADY E.

Don't mention it. Good-night.

BUL.-P.

Now, Canon!

[*Goes to window, takes out cigar and lights it at window.*[5]

[5] L.

CANON.

Good-night, Sir Daniel.

SIR D.

Good-night, my dear Canon.

CANON.

Good-night, dear Lady Eastney.

LADY E. [*Shaking hands.*]

Good-night, Canon.

CANON.

Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Dane. Of course she will take the stall at the bazaar. And I'll bring the Duchess to call upon her one day next week.

[*Exit after* BULSOM-PORTER *at window.*[1]

[1] L. *Sir Daniel comes down to sofa* L. C.

SIR D.

Did you hear that?

LADY E.

Yes. I must persuade Mrs. Dane to go away for a few months.

SIR D.

And then?

[2] *Rises.*

LADY E.[2]

I do want to save Mrs. Dane. How can I?

SIR D.

Impossible. The thing can't be patched up. It ought not to be patched up.

LADY E.

What is to be done?

SIR D.

We must get Lal away from her; take him out to Egypt; give him some work; throw him into young society, and trust to time and his healthy instincts to bring him round.

LADY E.

I suppose you are right.[1] But in any case I'll give Mrs. Dane this certificate of character from Mrs. Bulsom-Porter.

[*Taking up the paper which* MRS. BULSOM-PORTER *has signed.*

Enter JANET *at door*[2] *with evening cloak over her dress.*

JANET.

Here is the sleeping powder, Auntie. Will you be coming home now?[3]

LADY E.

In a little while, darling. [*Passing her hand caressingly over* JANET'S *forehead.*] Why, how hot and feverish your forehead is. Go and sit under the cedars till I'm ready.

[*Taking* JANET *towards window; they both stop;* JANET *hides her head on* LADY EASTNEY'S *shoulders;* LADY EASTNEY *takes her off at door*[4] *as* LAL *enters at window.*[5]

LAL.[6]

I've broken my word. I've seen her. I've asked her to come over here and see you. You won't refuse to receive her?

SIR D.

No. I wish to see her.

LAL.

I'll fetch her—— [*Going off.*[7]

SIR D.[8]

Stay. Lal, this must end. You must give her up.

LAL.

I can't. I won't! Why should I? She was sinned against, not sinning. She was ignorant! She knew no better!

[1] *Crosses to back of table* R. *Sir Daniel turns up* C., *sits on arm of chair* R. C.

[2] R.

[3] *Lady Eastney takes sleeping powder.*

[4] R. *Sir Daniel goes up* C.

[5] L.

[6] *Goes up to Sir Daniel.*

[7] L.

[8] *Coming down.*

SIR D.

Get rid of that sorry cant, my lad. Every girl of fifteen knows black from white, knows her right hand from her left, knows that if she lets some plausible scoundrel rob her of her jewel, she'll by-and-by come a beggared bride to a cheated bridegroom!

LAL.

I don't care! I love her! And I shall never be happy with anybody else.[1]

[1] *Crossing down left.*

SIR D.

Do you think you'll be happy with her when the first burst of passion is over?[2] Don't you think you'll begin to remember that she has deceived you, hoodwinked you, that her lover is now living, that his child is now living.[3] Remember! You haven't had all her love! She loved and gave herself away before she knew you——

[2] *Lal crosses to* R. C. *by chair.*

[3] *Lal goes up* C. *a little.*

[LAL, *mad with resentment, raises both arms as if he would strike* SIR DANIEL.[4]

[4] *Lal restrains himself, crosses down* L., *turns and throws himself on sofa in great distress.*

SIR D.[5]

Ah! that stabs you, does it? Don't you think that same thought will come and stab you continually? Say in a few years some good-looking friend comes along and is civil to her. She's civil to him. You'll begin to wonder how far it has gone; you'll remember that she can deceive; you won't be sure; you'll question her; she'll reassure you; she'll swear and re-swear and swear again, but you'll never be certain; you may be wronging her but——she may be wronging you. You'll never know. All that you'll know is, "She can lie; she lied to me; she lied to my father; she lied to all of us; she lied, and lied, and lied,—is she lying to me now?" And you'll never know. Your life will be a very hell to you.

[5] *Going to Lal, standing over him.*

LAL.[1]

[1] *Rises.*

So be it! Hell with her, rather than heaven with any other woman!

SIR D.[2]

[2] *Crossing to R. back of chair.*

Nonsense! Pull yourself together! Put all your heart and soul into your work. You'll have an awful three months, an awful six months perhaps. But you'll conquer yourself. You'll be a better and stronger and braver man all your life for it. Love isn't the only thing on earth. It oughtn't always to be the first——

LAL.

What's the use of your preaching to me? You've never been in love.

SIR D.

You think that?

LAL.[3]

[3] *Crossing down L.*

You've never loved a woman as I love her and then had to give her up.

SIR D.[4]

[4] *Coming to Lal.*

[*Very tenderly and impressively.*] My boy, I loved one woman when you were a child—ah, I did love her—you don't know what love is, if you compare your hot boyish passion of a few weeks with my deep love of years. I gave her up; we gave each other up; it broke our hearts but we did it— her son doesn't blush when he remembers her—you and I have stood by her grave together——

LAL.

[*Startled.*] Sir! [*Looks at* SIR DANIEL.

SIR D.

Do you think I'd deny her son anything? Don't you think I'd give all I have in the world to make him happy? And when I ask him to renounce an unworthy love, a love that will by-and-by bring him to misery—[*A cry of anguish from* LAL.]

You'll do it, Lal! I'm not asking you to do what I haven't done myself! You'll do it?

LAL.

Yes, sir.

[*A warm handshake.* MRS. DANE *comes to window, not seen by the audience. She is unseen by* LAL, *but* SIR DANIEL *sees her and makes her a motion; she withdraws.*

SIR D.

Let me say good-bye for you.

LAL.

Mustn't I see her?

SIR D.

It will be better not.

LAL.

You'll be very kind to her?

SIR D.

She will find me the truest and best of friends to her and her child. Go into the other room—Lady Eastney is there. I think she has something for you.

LAL.

Be very gentle to her——

[SIR DANIEL *reassures him with a look and a grasp of the hand. Exit* LAL *at door.*[1]

MRS. DANE *enters.*[2]

SIR D.

What have you heard?[3]

MRS. D.

Enough. You mean to part us then?

SIR D.

It is not I who will part you.

[1] R. *Sir Daniel shuts the door after him, turns and finds himself face to face with Mrs. Dane.*

[2] *At window left.*

[3] *By chair* R. C.

MRS. D.[1]

Who will, then?

SIR D.

Yourself. You wish him to be happy?

MRS. D.

I have no other wish in the world.

SIR D.

I believe that if you hold up your finger and beckon him he will come to you from the end of the world and marry you.

MRS. D.

[*Delighted.*] Ah!

SIR D.

What does that mean?[2] He is on the threshold of a fine career; devoted to his work, with a large circle of friends. If you become his wife, will you tell them your history? They will all fall away from you. Will you hide it? That's impossible. He loves you now, but in a few years' time—dare you put his love to such a test? Dare you marry him knowing that day by day he must help you deceive till disclosure comes; and then, day by day, he must endure social isolation *with* you, disorder and failure in his career *for* you—dare you marry him? Will it be for your own happiness?

MRS. D.

My happiness! What does that matter? Tell me what is best for him?

SIR D.

Don't you know what is best for him?

[*A long pause.*

MRS. D.

So be it! Say "Good-bye" to him for me.

Enter LADY EASTNEY *at door,*[3] *bringing cloak on her arm.*

[1] *In front of sofa* L.

[2] *Crosses to her.*

[3] R. *She puts cloak on chair* R. C. *Sir Daniel turns up* C.

LADY E.

I've something for you.

[*Taking the paper from her pocket, and giving it to* MRS. DANE.

MRS. D.

[*Takes the paper, reads it, smiles very bitterly.*] Thank you.

LADY E.

What have you decided to do?

MRS. D.

I'm going to Devonshire to-morrow. I shall make a long stay there. I sha'n't let him know where I am. How is he now?

LADY E.

He's quieter. I've persuaded him to take a mouthful of food and some wine. I put a strong sleeping powder in the wine, so he'll sleep to-night, poor fellow.

MRS. D.

He'll sleep to-night, poor fellow. Tell him about my going away when you think he can bear it. I needn't stay, need I? Thank you for this—[*referring to paper*] but what's the use of it?

LADY E.

Mrs. Bulsom-Porter daren't attack your reputation now.

MRS. D.

Reputation? Reputation isn't much, is it, when love has gone. Don't think I'm ungrateful to you—[*tearing it*] but I shan't trouble to defend my reputation.[1] Good-bye, Sir Daniel. Don't you think the world is very hard on a woman?

[1] *Drops pieces on floor.*

SIR D.[2]

[2] *Crosses to Mrs. Dane, between her and Lady Eastney.*

It isn't the world that's hard. It isn't men and women. Am I hard? Call on me at any time, and

you shall find me the truest friend to you and yours. Is Lady Eastney hard? She has been fighting all the week to save you.

MRS. D.

Then who is it, what is it, drives me out?

SIR D.

The law, the hard law that we didn't make, that we would break if we could, for we are all sinners at heart—the law that is above us all, made for us all, that we can't escape from, that we must keep or perish.

MRS. D.

Won't it do if we pretend to keep it, and force our neighbours to keep it instead?

SIR D.

Even that shows that we own the law.

MRS. D.

Only we mustn't get found out. I'm afraid I've broken that part of the law. Good-bye, Sir Daniel.

SIR D.

I'll see you across to your home.[1]

[1] *Goes up for his hat and coat which are on chair above door* R.

MRS. D.

No, I would rather you didn't. Just put me outside your palings and then I'll find my way. Good-bye, Lady Eastney.

LADY E.

Good-bye. [*Shaking hands warmly.*] Write to me. Tell how you are. Will you? I shall be pleased to hear.

MRS. D.

If ever I come here again, will you receive me?

LADY E.

[*After a pause.*] If you call, I shall be at home.

MRS. D.

God bless you! Now, Sir Daniel, you shall see me outside the palings—no further.[1] I shall see my boy to-morrow.

[*Exit at window*[2] *followed by* SIR DANIEL. LADY EASTNEY *goes up to window. Enter* LAL *at door*[3] *looking very much quieter but rather bewildered as if under the influence of a sleeping draught.*

LAL.

Well?

LADY E.

How tired you look! [*Takes him to sofa.*

LAL.

Well? [*Sits on sofa.*] I shall get over this you know.

LADY E.

I'm sure you will.

LAL.

Father is right. I shall go out to Sir Robert and get on with this railway——and then I——[4]

[*He shows symptoms of sleepiness.* LADY EASTNEY *watches him a moment and then goes to window. He lies on sofa, a distant church clock chimes, and strikes eleven.* SIR DANIEL *re-enters at window, and they come to* LAL. *They stand watching him.*

SIR D.

We'll take him off to Egypt—you'll come and bring Janet?

LADY E.

[*Nods.*] It's getting late. Where is Janet? [*Calls indoors.*] Janet! Janet! Janet! I suppose she has gone, poor child. Will you take me home?[5]

[1] *Sir Daniel comes down to her. Warn church bells under stage.*

[2] L.

[3] R.

[4] *Church bell chimes the four quarters and then eleven o'clock. Warn curtain and lights.*

[5] *Giving Sir Daniel her cloak; he puts it on her: then gets on her* R.

SIR D.

Say that in a little while I shall not have to take you home.[1]

LADY E.

I think I could feel at home with you.

SIR D.[2]

Say that you *are* at home now.

LADY E.

[*Takes his arm.*] I am at home now.[3]

SIR DANIEL *turns off the electric light. Exeunt at window. A little pause.* JANET *enters at door, comes up to* LAL *who is lying on the sofa in the moonlight; she looks at him, bends over him and kisses him.* CURTAIN *falls as she goes off at window.*

ACT PLAYS, 27 MINUTES.

LENGTH OF PLAY, 2.35 WITH WAIT.

[1] *Walking with her towards left.*

[2] *Stops.*

[3] *Sir Daniel puts his right hand on switch—looks back at Lal. That is the cue for buttons and floats to go out, except blue floats.*

PROPERTY PLOT.

ACT I.

Blue drawing-room—Country—England.

Light blue interior, lace and blue curtains on French windows and blue on door up L.
Fireplace, mantel, firelog, irons, fender, clock and bric-à-brac on mantel.
Large centre medallion, Turkish rugs about stage.
Large overstuffed " S " chair L. C.
Large lamp on pedestal, yellow shade, back of " S " chair.
Gold settee R. C.
Gold writing-table, paper, pens, ink, blotter, etc.
Gold chairs R. and L. of table.
Piano and stool up R. corner.
Palm on pedestal back of same.
Piano lamp (*yellow shade*) L. of piano, lighted in Act I.
Palm on pedestal between French windows R. H.
Gold arm chair front of same.
Flower stand (*wicker—gold*) with flowers R. below window.
Settee up C. front of middle C. window.
Palm on pedestal L. of L. window.
Gold cabinet upper L. H. corner, bric-à-brac.
Arm chair below door L. 3 E.
Revolving bookcase with books and small chair down L.
Gold oval mirror on wall down R. above flower stand.
Small table off stage L. for side props.

SIDE PROPS.

3 letters on tray for " Adams " off L.
Music stand and piano off L. (*bract.*).

PROPERTY PLOT.

ACT II.

Same Set as Act I.

Work basket and fancy work for " Janet " back of settee R. C.
Hat with ribbons on " S " chair L. C.
Written telegram (*2 sheets*) for " Mrs. Dane " L.

Letter on tray for "Adams" off L.
Photograph for "Fendick" L.
Book on table C.

PROPERTY PLOT.

ACT III.

Library at Sir Daniel Carteret's.

Large fireplace C. Large picture over mantel, transparent window over picture, 3 ornaments on window ledge, club fender, 2 palms, 2 chairs R. and L., clock and ornaments on shelf of mantel.
5 chairs around room (*7 in all*) 2 of these arm-chairs.
Large writing-table R. C. covered with legal books, papers, letter basket, ink pot, pens (2 quills, 2 pens) blotters, ready binders, bodkin, Document, 5 or 6 sheets of legal cap.
Another 3 or 4 sheets same, photograph (one that Fendick brings on in Act II.)
5 bookcases let into scene, shelf with ornaments over the ones on sides. The bookcase of L. of mantel is pract. 2 books that can be removed (supposed to be Topographical Dictionaries.)

SIDE PROPS.

2 or 3 sheets of closely written foolscap paper in large blue envelope for "Mrs. Dane."
Sheet of note paper, half covered with writing for "Sir D." off R.

ACT IV.

Same Set as Act III—Night.

Worsted rug off L. ready for "Wilson."
Sleeping powder for "Janet" off R.
Paper for "Mrs. Bulsom-Porter" L.
Cigar for "Mr. Bulsom-Porter"
Chimes and church bell off L. (Bell strikes eleven.)

GAS AND ELECTRIC PLOT.

ACT I.

Boxed interior in 3.
Foots and 1st border full up through act.
Blue strips or bunches on conservatory backing drop.
Blue strips on backing R.
White strips L. 2, L. 3 to light backings.
2 lamps on stage R. upper corner and L. C. with yellow shades.
Blue arc boxes R. 1, R. and L. upper.

ACT II.

Same Set as Act I.

Change all blue lights to amber.
Change arc lights to amber.
Cut off current for 2 lamps on stage.

ACT III.

Boxed Interior in 3.

Foots and 1st Border full through act.
4 electric baskets, 3 lamps each. Red shades—lighted in Act IV only.
White bunch at door R. 2.
Amber arc—box—on backing L.
Box R. and L. on backing drop-ambers.

ACT IV.

Same set as Act III.

Foots and 1st border full at rise to work down suddenly at cue near end of act.
4 brackets lighted this act and are turned off by means of switch on scene L. of opening by Sir Daniel Carteret.
White bunch at door R. 2, cut off at cue "Janet! Janet!"
Arc lights same position but change mediums to light blue.
Arc light—lens, blue medium, to strike sofa L. C. through opening L. 2. E.
All on at rise and continue through act.

NOT SO LONG AGO

Comedy in a Prologue, 3 acts, and Epilogue. By Arthur Richman. 5 males, 7 females. 2 interiors, 1 exterior. Costumes, 1876. Plays a full evening.

Arthur Richman has constructed his play around the Cinderella legend. The playwright has shown great wisdom in his choice of material, for he has cleverly crossed the Cinderella theme with a strain of Romeo and Juliet. Mr. Richman places his young lovers in the picturesque New York of forty years ago. This time Cinderella is a seamstress in the home of a social climber, who may have been the first of her kind, though we doubt it. She is interested sentimentally in the son of this house. Her father, learning of her infatuation for the young man without learning also that it is imaginary on the young girl's part, starts out to discover his intentions. He is a poor inventor. The mother of the youth, ambitious chiefly for her children, shudders at the thought of marriage for her son with a sewing-girl. But the Prince contrives to put the slipper on the right foot, and the end is happiness. The play is quaint and agreeable and the three acts are rich in the charm of love and youth. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

THE LOTTERY MAN

Comedy in 3 acts, by Rida Johnson Young. 4 males, 5 females. 3 easy interiors. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

In "The Lottery Man" Rida Johnson Young has seized upon a custom of some newspapers to increase their circulation by clever schemes. Mrs. Young has made the central figure in her famous comedy a newspaper reporter, Jack Wright. Wright owes his employer money, and he agrees to turn in one of the most sensational scoops the paper has ever known. His idea is to conduct a lottery, with *himself* as the prize. The lottery is announced. Thousands of old maids buy coupons. Meantime Wright falls in love with a charming girl. Naturally he fears that he may be won by someone else and starts to get as many tickets as his limited means will permit. Finally the last day is announced. The winning number is 1323, and is held by Lizzie, an old maid, in the household of the newspaper owner. Lizzie refuses to give up. It is discovered, however, that she has stolen the ticket. With this clue, the reporter threatens her with arrest. Of course the coupon is surrendered and Wright gets the girl of his choice. Produced at the Bijou Theater, New York, with great success. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
Our New Descriptive Catalogue Sent Free on Request

THE LITTLE FLOWER

A religious drama in 3 acts. By Marie Doran. 14 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior, a garden. The scene of the drama is France, 1886. The costumes and furnishings are of that time. The third act shows the garden of the Carmelite convent, with costumes of that Order.

Widespread interest in Drama, carrying unlimited influence for good, prompted this dramatization of the life of a child saint. While there are pageants, and the Old and the New Testaments have been drawn upon for stage presentation, nowhere in all history do we find a more appealing figure than that of The Little Flower, Therese, the young French nun of Carmel, who lived and died so recently.

Here is a soul of our times, speaking our language, living in modern scenes. For the first time, happenings in the life of this lovely young girl are gathered into dramatic form with a view to having them presented by young girls quite as appealing in their youth and innocence as was Saint Therese, of the Child Jesus. The Drama is intended for production everywhere, whether by professional or non-professional groups. As the story is simple, the drama follows a simple formula. With the fervent appeal of the character, the drama affords opportunity for Christians everywhere, regardless of creeds, to place before sympathetic audiences of broad vision, a picture of loving home life, with service and Godliness dominating every thought. Price, 30 cents. (Royalty, ten dollars.)

QUO VADIS

Religious romance in 5 acts. Adapted from the novel of Henryk Sienkwiecz, by Marie Doran. 10 males, 6 females. 7 scenes. Costumes, Roman. Plays a full evening.

This famous drama created a tremendous sensation when it was produced on the professional stage and has been played to large audiences everywhere. This, the first acting version ever published, is considered the most effective picture of the persecution of the early Christians ever arranged for dramatic production. Scenes of great beauty afford opportunity for the numerous characters, with unlimited scope for settings and costumes. The production of this drama always stands out as a notable achievement. Price, 50 cents. (Royalty, ten dollars.)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City
Our new descriptive catalogue sent free on request.

DADDY LONG-LEGS

A charming comedy in 4 acts. By Jean Webster. The full cast calls for 6 males, 7 females and 6 orphans, but the play, by the easy doubling of some of the characters, may be played by 4 males, 4 females and 3 orphans. The orphans appear only in the first act and may be played by small girls of any age. Four easy interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

Many readers of current fiction will recall Jean Webster's "Daddy Long-Legs." Miss Webster dramatized her story and it was presented at the Gaiety Theatre in New York, under Henry Miller's direction, with Ruth Chatterton in the principal rôle. "Daddy Long-Legs" tells the story of Judy, a pretty little drudge in a bleak New England orphanage. One day, a visiting trustee becomes interested in Judy and decides to give her a chance. She does not know the name of her benefactor, but simply calls him Daddy Long-Legs, and writes him letters brimming over with fun and affection. From the Foundling's Home she goes to a fashionable college for girls and there develops the romance that constitutes much of the play's charm. The New York *Times* reviewer, on the morning after the Broadway production, wrote the following: "If you will take your pencil and write down, one below the other, the words delightful, charming, sweet, beautiful and entertaining, and then draw a line and add them up, the answer will be 'Daddy Long-Legs.' To that result you might even add brilliant, pathetic and humorous, but the answer even then would be just what it was before—the play which Miss Jean Webster has made from her book, 'Daddy Long-Legs,' and which was presented at the Gaiety last night. To attempt to describe the simplicity and beauty of 'Daddy Long-Legs' would be like attempting to describe the first breath of Spring after an exceedingly tiresome and hard Winter." "Daddy Long-Legs" enjoyed a two-years' run in New York, and was then toured for over three years. It is now published in play form for the first time. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

THE FAMOUS MRS. FAIR

A comedy in 4 acts. By James Forbes. 3 males, 10 females. 2 interiors. Modern costumes. Plays a full evening.

An absorbing play of modern American family life. "The Famous Mrs. Fair" is concerned with a strenuous lady who returns from overseas to lecture, and consequently neglects her daughter, who is just saved in time from disaster. Acted with great success by Blanche Bates and Henry Miller. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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Our New Descriptive Catalogue Sent Free on Request

CECILIA

Religious drama in 3 acts. By Marie Doran. 5 males, 12 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Costumes, Roman of the Fifth Century. The male characters called for are arranged to be played by young girls.

This drama has been developed around the legend of Saint Cecilia, a great Christian martyr and patron saint of church music. The story of Cecilia's life is one of great beauty and dramatic interest, dealing with faith, loyalty, charity, piety and sacrifice. It shows Cecilia in her youth, and then it moves steadily forward to the great crisis, wherein she was obliged to choose between Christianity and pagan idolatry. While the scenes are tense, there are lighter moods, with an appeal agreeable to all creeds. Famous as the legend is, this is the first time it has been set in English prose and arranged in an acting edition, easy to stage and cast, with the introduction of music of high order, that is, hymns, chants and solo work, if desired. Intended primarily for girls' schools, this play is the type that appeals to any audience and could be given by any talented group. Dramatic clubs and little theatre players will find it an unusually attractive offering. Price, 30 cents. (Royalty, ten dollars.)

THE HOPE CHEST

Comedy in 3 acts. By Marie Doran. 4 males, 10 females. 1 interior. Modern costumes. Time, 2¾ hours.

One of the outstanding figures in the play is Dorothy Ross, a bright, attractive scholar in a co-ed school. She is a most diligent pupil, and while concentrating, she walks into a speeding automobile. This absence of mind brings Dorothy to the hospital. The treatment she receives makes a great impression upon her, and the play begins when Dorothy has recovered and returns to school. Her gratitude works out in an original and helpful manner, with a "character committee" forming a background for the school to follow. The play carries a straightforward purpose, traveling along brisk comedy scenes. There is an opportunity for the introduction of music and any number of young people desired. Price 30 cents. (Royalty, ten dollars.)

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TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE

Comedy drama in 4 acts. By Marie Doran. 5 males, 3 females. 1 exterior, 3 interiors. Plays 2 hours.

As a story it has been read by millions, and as a play, it has been played on the professional and amateur stages for many years. The story deals with a Southern family, period 1860, and the costumes of that day are quaint and lovely. The conflict is intensely interesting, touching, as it does, the two girls of the title, and the comedy is abundant and natural. The appeal of this play has never relaxed, and it has been able to continue to attract a large audience at every performance. It might be called dateless, since the time when the action occurs reflects against the background of a period in American history. The characters are definite, the atmosphere is romantic, and the clash between members of an interesting family probably accounts for its great hold upon theatre patrons. Price, 30 cents. (Royalty, ten dollars.)

DOROTHY'S NEIGHBORS

Comedy in 4 acts. By Marie Doran. 4 males, 7 females. Two interiors. Modern dresses. Plays 2½ hours.

The story deals with vocational training—always an interesting and important subject. The play also touches the distribution of large wealth. This time, the riches are held by a delightfully pretty girl who chooses her own romantic way of finding out whether she is worth while for herself, and without her fortune. While the dialogue runs in a light comedy vein, the development has an unusual twist, with a sound moral back of it. This "moral" is not presented in a preachy manner, but flows easily from the situations, which makes it agreeable to the taste. It is an effective play for the experienced or ambitious amateur, and a deft commedienne will find in Dorothy a role in which to shine. Price, 30 cents. (Royalty, ten dollars.)

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KICK IN

By Willard Mack. [illegible] females. 2 interiors. Costumes. Plays [illegible]

[illegible] the best of the very few available mystery plays [illegible] "Within the Law," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "The Thirteenth Chair," and "In the Next Room," it is one of the thrillers which are accurately described as "not having a dull moment in it from beginning to end." It is a play with all the ingredients of popularity, not at all difficult to set or to act; the plot carries it along, and the situations are built with that skill and knowledge of the theatre for which Willard Mack is known. An ideal mystery melodrama, for high schools and colleges. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

LLY OF BLOOMSBURY

("Happy-Go-Lucky.") A comedy in 3 acts. By Ian Hay. 9 males, 7 females. 2 interior scenes. Modern dress. Plays a full evening.

Into an aristocratic family comes Tilly, lovable and youthful, with ideas and manners which greatly upset the circle. Tilly is so frankly honest that she makes no secret of her tremendous affection for the young son of the family; this brings her into many difficulties. But her troubles have a joyous end in charmingly blended scenes of sentiment and humor. This comedy affords an opportunity for fine acting, handsome stage settings, and beautiful costuming. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.)

Price, 75 Cents.

BILLY

Farce-comedy in 3 acts. By George Cameron. 10 males, 5 females. (A few minor male parts can be doubled, making the cast 7 males, 5 females.) 1 exterior. Costumes, modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The action of the play takes place on the S. S. "Florida," bound for Havana. The story has to do with the disappearance of a set of false teeth, which creates endless complications among passengers and crew, and furnishes two and a quarter hours of the heartiest laughter. One of the funniest comedies produced in the last dozen years on the American stage is "Billy" (sometimes called "Billy's Tombstones"), in which the late Sidney Drew achieved a hit in New York and later toured the country several times. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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